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THE NEW INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

IT is generally understood that the project of a consolidated Indian Department, submitted by the Crown to the East India Company, includes every element of the existing system, except the Court of Proprietors. The Board of Control is to be represented by a President (or Secretary of State) and a Vice-President (or Under-Secretary), and the Court of Directors by a Board which we may call for convenience a Council of India; but this last body is to be nominated by the Crown, with more or less of restriction on its field of selection. As the details of the scheme are not known (and, indeed, probably not settled, even now), we offer no criticisms upon it, for the simple reason that its recommendations consist entirely in its arrangements of detail. Inasmuch as the reorganization is ushered in by the Government newspapers with the fullest acknowledgments of the ability with which the present system is administered, the authors of the change must believe that there are some mechanical defects which prevent the capacities of the present administrators of India from having full play. We will only say that the burden of proving the existence and seriousness of the imperfections complained of rests exclusively on the Cabinet. And they must be shown to be imperfections of system. It will not do to point to inconvenient results, unless it can also be shown that greater energy or capacity on the part of the Crown authorities would have had no effect in preventing or mitigating them. We surrender too much in relinquishing the great principle of the Double Government to be willing to purchase by its abandonment the absolution of any sort of Minister.

The Double Government of India, like that system of Triple Government which has the respect and even the admiration of some persons under the name of the British Constitution, could never have been devised *a priori*. But by chance, or by the operation of something higher than chance, it has furnished us with the solution of a question never before resolved—the question, how a free country can administer an alien dependency at once despotically and successfully. This great object the Double Government seems to have effected in many ways—the chief of them being the banishment from India of the spirit of Party. The success of the system in excluding party influences we leave to the judgment of anybody who will take the trouble to consult a file of Indian newspapers, where, amid a ferocity of personal criticism unknown in England, he will not find one single syllable indicating whether the opinions of the person attacked are Whig, Tory, or Radical. We can conceive but one answer to this. It may be said that party is all but dead in England, that public opinion now forms its conclusions independently of faction; and that the extinguishment of the East India Company is necessary for the purpose of bringing India within the focus of English public opinion. Assuming for a minute the truth of this proposition, we merely ask attention to a passage in the evidence of Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, before the Lords' Committee of 1852. "The public opinion of one country," said Mr. MILL, "is

scarcely any security for the good government of another. The people of one country, whether represented by the public authorities of this country, or by the nation itself, cannot have the same acquaintance with the circumstances and interests of the other country as they may have with their own. The great security for the good government of any country is an enlightened public opinion; but an unenlightened public opinion is no security for good government. The people of England are unacquainted, or very ill-acquainted, with the people and circumstances of India, and feel so little interest in them, that, I apprehend, the influence of public opinion in this country on the Government of India is of very little value, because there are very few cases in which public opinion is called into exercise; and when it is so, it is usually from impulses derived from the interests of Europeans connected with India, rather than from the interests of the people of India itself." It is almost presumption to add anything to these wise words; but we may perhaps usefully allude to one characteristic of an ill-instructed public opinion which everybody may verify for himself. Opinion, unseconded by knowledge, always oscillates violently from extreme to extreme. There is no fluctuation of opinion on the subject of free-trade, because the popular views are confirmed in their existing bias by the doctrines of economical science. But, as respects India, the terrorism which we almost all of us profess is too recent in its commencement for us quite to forget that it is a rapid reaction from the most unctuous sentimentalism. How long is it since we all had a sort of affection for the "mild Hindoo!" The strength of the movement in his favour may be judged by the stranded fragments of Young-Indianism which still lie high and dry. Here is Mr. PHILLIMORE assuring us that the Sepoys revolted because the East India Directors, by occasionally refusing to let a Rajah name his political successor, had created an impression that the civil right of adoption was about to be withdrawn from the peasantry. And here is Mr. JONES closing what may perhaps be the very last meeting of the Court of Proprietors with a prayer that, if the Court is extinguished, its last words may be "Representative Institutions for the People of India!" The ship is sinking, but Citizen JONES—he is certainly the *M. Jones* of the French pamphleteer—throws the turban of liberty into the air, and goes enthusiastically under the water, shouting "*Vive la République Indienne!*" These fossils of the pleistocene period contrast curiously with the phenomena characteristic of existing sentiment. Compare Mr. PHILLIMORE with the writer in the *Times*, who snubbed Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN the other day for expressing regret that the younger functionaries of the Indian Government should have got into the habit of officially designating the natives as "Niggers." Compare "Representative Institutions for India!" with that cry for blood which still shrills through the air, though not a single mutineer has yet been spared, from the purple-born Shahzadehs of Delhi to the raw recruit fresh in the rebellious ranks from his reed-hut in Oude or Rohilcund.

But we traverse and deny the assertion that party-spirit has been permanently or materially weakened in England; and, if it has not, there can be no greater mistake in politics than to construct a set of institutions for perpetuity, on a basis which implies the continuance of the transient and the accidental. There is every reason for thinking that we are living in the stagnant interval between two great storms, and it is not too much to say that, if Lord PALMERSTON and Mr. DISRAELI were respectively withdrawn to-morrow from the head of their respective followings, there would be an immediate revival of faction, and an instant re-distribution of popular opinion. We almost scorn to argue with the man who does not see that, if India is once the football of con-

tending parties, in a few turns it will be struck far beyond the reach of either of them. The danger is not so much that bad measures will be defended and good ones assailed with all the strength of faction—though that danger is almost infinitely great—as that individuals will be judged from a party point of view. In India, men are of vastly greater consequence than measures; but it is one of the peculiarities of an active condition of party spirit to decide the relative capacities of men by a standard even more arbitrary than it applies to measures. The great axioms of party are that the worst Whig is better than the best Tory, and the worst Tory than the best Whig. Is there anybody in possession of a memory reaching fifteen or twenty years back, who will venture to say that, with India once within full view of England, a Whig majority would tolerate the notion that a Tory statesman and a Tory general were the heart and hope of their respective services? From 1828 to 1840, it was difficult, we believe, to get a Liberal to allow that the Duke of WELLINGTON had the least talent for strategy; and we may make up our minds that the difficulty would have become an impossibility if the qualities of the person criticised had been exercised in a less conspicuous field. It would be hard to name a single Indian celebrity to whom the *régime* of faction would not have been fatal. Mr. MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE is, we believe, a Liberal; and Sir GEORGE CLERK has the reputation of being a Conservative. Does anybody pretend to think that the first would have been allowed to legislate for the Mahrattas when the Tories were in power, and the latter to govern a Presidency with the Whigs in office, unless the labours of both had been prosecuted under a system to which the political opinions of the mother-country were utterly foreign?

There may be a question whether it was wise to recall Lord ELLENBOROUGH; but it is quite certain that there may hereafter be a person in Lord ELLENBOROUGH's position who may have all the violence and precipitation of which he was accused, and all the incapacity of which nobody accused him. Let it never be forgotten that, under the existing system of Indian Government, the most powerful Minister of the century acquiesced almost without complaint in Lord ELLENBOROUGH's recall, and simply exerted himself to place in the vacant post the best successor he could discover. We should like to see a Council of India recall a magnate standing equally high with Lord ELLENBOROUGH in the affections of his party. We should like to see it even advise his recall. It may be assumed that, if a Governor-General be hereafter accused of every form of incapacity under the sun, the whole energies of the new Indian Department will be strained to sustain him in office till the end of his term.

THE PAST YEAR.

THE political history of a year is generally distributed into a few principal departments. Ministerial changes or conflicts, legislation, and foreign affairs divide the interest of the narrative. The past year has witnessed not only party struggles, but the exceptional excitement caused by a general election; yet a wide-spread feeling prevails that domestic disputes must wait for a better opportunity. Russia, Austria, and France may dispose of the Danubian Principalities by the most plausible compromise which they can devise. Within the last two months, indeed, the commercial crisis has compelled the attention of traders and of statesmen; but the event of the year is the Indian mutiny, and the public interest is concentrated on the wonderful conflict which has followed the outbreak.

Twelve months since, the inevitable reduction of the income-tax was preceded by an agitation which was rather superfluous than formidable. Patriots in quest of a grievance denounced the folly of maintaining war establishments during peace; but Lord PALMERSTON and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER lightened the estimates by twenty millions, and pensioned off the Crimean veterans by thousands. Subsequent events have thrown a doubt on the soundness of the Ministerial policy, but it is certain that the compressibility of the Government presented unexpected difficulties to the Opposition. It is very annoying, after demonstrating the iniquity of a tax, to find that it is about to be repealed. As the House of Commons chose to be economical, the Minister anticipated their wishes, certain that the country would never understand how the diminution of the sugar duties involved a constructive increase of taxation.

The Persian campaign fortunately ended in an early

peace. Sir J. OUTRAM had not the good fortune to achieve any conspicuous success, but the Court of Teheran was duly impressed by the power of a Government which sought satisfaction for an insult by a formidable invasion. The inhabitants of the coast exhibited no remarkable attachment to the SHAH, and it became evident that the war might lead to the permanent occupation of Bushire. The country acquiesced in the commencement of the contest, and regarded its termination with unmixed satisfaction. The effect of the operations is shown by the fulfilment of the treaty in the evacuation of Herat. Good faith on the part of an Asiatic Court is the highest of all compliments to the power and resolution of the Government which claims the performance of an undertaking.

The Chinese controversy, though nothing has been done to dispose of the difficulty, has faded into comparative insignificance. Canton will possibly wait to be taken till troops can be spared from India; and the Chinese Empire happily possesses no high form of organic vitality. It is possible to fight with the South and to trade with the North, as long as the Court of Peking finds it convenient to shut its eyes to the acts of the Viceroy, and to the danger which he has provoked. The most important consequences of the difficulty at Canton have hitherto exhibited themselves at a distance. Sir J. BOWRING dissolved a Parliament, and Lord ELGIN saved India—in both instances through an unforeseen combination of circumstances.

If the China vote was a party move, it was a remarkable failure. Lord PALMERSTON desired nothing better than an appeal to the country while his popularity was fresh. The opponents of a war always suffer the disadvantage of seeming to take part with a foreign enemy. No observant politician could doubt that the election would produce a large Ministerial majority. The Government gained in many directions, at the expense of doubtful friends as well as by the defeat of open adversaries. The Conservative county members were decimated, and the survivors in many instances pledged themselves to support the popular Minister. The members of the Peace party were defeated in their strongholds; but Lord PALMERSTON's decisive triumph consisted in his emancipation from the dominant Whiggery of BROOKES's. Lord JOHN RUSSELL had sacrificed his own supremacy by an unparalleled succession of blunders, but as long as the late Parliament kept together, he was always recognised, in a certain sense, as the *de jure* leader of the Liberals. The minor officials looked back from the Treasury bench with the same consciousness of divided allegiance which dictated the correspondence of SUNDERLAND and MARLBOROUGH with the Court of St. Germain. The general election has brought to the aid of the Minister a faithful band of adherents, who repudiate all the old blue and yellow traditions. The only pledge which the constituencies demanded was a declaration of faith in Lord PALMERSTON; and the new members acknowledge him as their rightful chief. The numerical strength of the majority combines with the lukewarmness of the Opposition to deprive the Parliamentary debates of their ordinary interest. Mr. DISRAELI, indeed, from time to time advertises his continued tenure of the leadership by an elaborate oration. In the summer he explained for some hours the reasons why the princes and people of India ought to rise against the English Government. His winter lecture on the security for cash payments which would be derived from the absence of legislative precautions against over-issues, formed a not less valuable addition to political literature. But the organ of a party produces little effect when he merely expresses the opinions which he for the time professes to hold. Mr. DISRAELI's followers were, as a body, indifferent to the wrongs inflicted on the King of OUDE, and sceptical as to the convertibility of an unlimited paper currency. As Opposition which scarcely differs from the Government necessarily fades away into a fiction. The projected Reform Bill and the forthcoming Indian project may possibly restore in some degree the reality of political contests.

The events of the year in the East are too fresh in the minds of all men to require to be recorded in detail. The well-known prophecy that, at some unexpected moment India would escape from our grasp, has been falsified by experience at a time when it seemed on the point of being fulfilled. Whatever other inferences may be drawn from the history of the outbreak, it has been made manifest to all the world that we hold the Indian Empire neither by accident nor sufferance. The machinery of dominion in our greatest province was suddenly wrested

from our hands, and applied to overthrow the fabric of our greatness; yet before aid arrived from England, the local Government had reasserted its supremacy in the very centre of the rebellion. The Sepoy army has been scattered and beaten wherever it has made a stand; and the native princes and population retain their faith in the paramount Power. At the commencement of the mutiny, two or three officers in responsible commands unfortunately proved themselves incompetent; but since the miscarriages at Meerut and Dinapore scarcely a civil or military functionary seems to have been found unequal to the occasion. The ruling race, by confidence, by activity, and by daring, has vindicated the rightfulness of its supremacy. The capture of Delhi was a brilliant and important feat of arms; yet the operations are chiefly remarkable from the circumstance that they were based on the resources of a recently conquered territory, and that the Sepoy mutineers were defeated by the garrison of the Punjab. Sir JOHN LAWRENCE has the highest claim to public gratitude among many who have deserved well of their country; but the valour and capacity which were displayed in all parts of the disturbed districts are more satisfactory to national feeling than the exceptional ability of an individual.

The tempest began to lour in the winter; but the month of May had arrived when it burst forth at Meerut. The seizure of Delhi and the subsequent atrocities, the treachery of NANA SAHIB and the massacre at Cawnpore, followed in rapid succession. In the middle of the summer, after the arrival of the first tidings of the outbreak, a rumour spread through London that 40,000 Bengal Sepoys were in arms against the Government. It was scarcely possible that any news could have anticipated the telegraph; yet the account which arrived a few days later fully confirmed the report. When it was known that Delhi was not taken, that Cawnpore was besieged, and that Lucknow was surrounded by an overwhelming force, the most sanguine were prepared to hear of a long struggle and of fearful disasters.

The death of Sir HENRY LAWRENCE added to the deep anxiety which was felt for the little garrison of Lucknow, and especially for the women and children who were shut up within the walls of the Residency. The advance of HAVELOCK's small army to its relief excited universal enthusiasm. In battle after battle, the enemy were overthrown, Cawnpore was taken, and the hardy old soldier crossed the Jumna in the face of a superior force, though without effecting his object. Sir J. OUTRAM generously placed himself and the reinforcements which he had brought under the command of his inferior in rank, and at last a desperate effort of valour opened the road to the beleaguered fortress. Unfortunately, the besieging force once more closed round the position; and it was not till the middle of November that Sir COLIN CAMPBELL, after a five-days' battle, finally succeeded in relieving the garrison. There is much reason to fear that the warrior population of Oude will long find work for our army.

On the whole, the new year begins with a hopeful prospect. Delhi and Lucknow are taken—the disturbances in Hindostan are becoming less formidable—the Punjab, Lower Bengal, Madras, and the greater part of Bombay enjoy unbroken tranquillity. It is desirable not to overrate the security of the moment; but the energies which have accomplished so much when affairs seemed desperate are still available for the restoration of order. The successes which have been achieved have cost many valuable lives—LAWRENCE and COLVIN, WHEELER, BARNARD, NICHOLSON, and NEILL, died nobly in the discharge of their duty. A far more bitter feeling is suggested by the remembrance of the victims of Delhi and of Cawnpore. No nation was ever so irresistibly called to vengeance, and the call will be readily answered.

The conduct of Lord CANNING will be justly applauded or deservedly censured hereafter. At present, he seems not to have been unequal to the occasion. If he trusted the Sepoys too long, his error was that of a brave and generous character; and no outbreak has actually occurred in his immediate neighbourhood. Statesmen ought in most cases to receive credit for success, as they incur the responsibility of failure. Whether by merit or fortune, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL has succeeded; and history will not be curious to inquire whether the preservation of an Empire might have been accomplished without the establishment of a censorship over the local press. The Home Government, as usual, consulted the popular feeling. By an unhappy arrangement, the most incompetent of its members presided at the Board of Control. The Directors were left to act without useful

advice or assistance, and the resources of the navy were wantonly neglected while the demand for reinforcements in India was becoming daily more urgent. When the country was aroused by the magnitude of the danger, troops were forwarded in quick succession. Sir COLIN CAMPBELL's march on Lucknow has probably superseded the necessity of troublesome inquiries into the responsibility of the Ministers. The levity with which the demand for an organic change in the Indian Government has been conceded does little credit to Lord PALMERSTON or to his colleagues. Nothing that has transpired strengthens the case against the Company, which broke down during the Session of 1854. The clamour which has arisen against religious toleration and civil equality in India sufficiently proves the folly of entrusting a great empire to the mercies of illiterate electors and their nominees.

The commercial crisis of November once more directed attention to domestic affairs. The confusion which prevailed in the trading and money-dealing community transcended the experience of 1847. The Ministerial letter to the Bank Directors saved half the firms in the City from bankruptcy; and yet competent observers doubt whether the impending ruin ought not to have been allowed to proceed. Subsequent discussions have done something to dissipate popular errors. The debates in the short Session of Parliament produced a general impression that speculative imprudence was responsible for the crisis, and that the existing law of currency is sound.

Among the minor events of the year may be reckoned the deaths of several respectable noblemen. Lord ELLESMERE, Lord FITZWILLIAM, and Lord SPENCER were favourable specimens of their order. Literary spite and electoral corruption mourn the loss of their respective representatives in the persons of CROKER and of COPPOCK. The House of Lords has been adorned by the accession of Lord MACAULAY, and it has also been provided with another GROSVENOR and another CAVENDISH. The establishment of an oligarchy of favoured families is not altogether conducive to the permanence of aristocratic privileges; but Lord EUBURY and Lord CHESHAM will, beyond doubt, wear their new dignities with becoming propriety. The latest occurrence of the year is the promotion of Lord CLANRICARDE to a seat in the Cabinet. Lord HARROWBY unfortunately entertained a scruple as to the Jewish question; and the new Privy Seal is exempt from prejudices. A fortnight ago, the new Minister attended a meeting of obscure Indian agitators, who passed a resolution in favour of the Charter. The nomination shows Lord PALMERSTON's consciousness of strength. A less confident Minister would have exhausted the list of his party before he determined on so questionable an appointment.

THE NEW YEAR.

THERE is perhaps no very good reason why we should do or say anything particular on the first of January. It opens the Calendar, and nothing else—not the Session of Parliament, nor the Law Courts, nor the Spring. If anything, it marks in this country a dead time both of Politics and Nature. Events run over it as if it were not there. The prospect we see from it is just the prospect we see from the last day of the old year, saving the change made by twenty-four hours' progress towards the horizon of the future. Still, as we alter the date, fancy hears the wing of Time waved for another flight; and nations and men leave the past behind them and renew their hopes. They renew their hopes, not their forebodings. Bell-ringing and merry-making hail the smiling little stranger, which may turn out to be the great Cholera year, or the year of the Russian War, or, like that which we have just buried, the year of the Commercial Crisis and the Indian Mutiny. We all know that in any given life, and in any given period of time, there will be at least as much to bear as to enjoy; but we ring for the enjoyment, without tolling for the suffering that is to come. Hope prevails even against hope. Bonfires are unhesitatingly lighted and tenants feasted at the happy coming of age of an accred Caliban who has already given promise of evil, and who, all the company feel sure in their hearts, will live and die like a beast. The New Year has at all events shown no vicious propensities, and deserves all the kind constructions and anticipations which are due to a perfect blank. It may be the year of the great war with America about the Mosquito question. But, on the other hand, it may be

the year of the Millennium, and consign Lord PALMERSTON to a thousand years of uninterrupted peace. Let it be rung in, therefore, in charitable hope.

And this new year is born under auspices doubtful, but happy on the whole. The old year has carried with it to the grave the commercial crisis and the Indian war. It has left, indeed, from both a heavy bequest of labour to its heir. Of labour, but not of danger. It has been proved that our only enemy in India is one whom we have armed against ourselves. That enemy encountered and destroyed, our empire will henceforth stand upon a surer basis; and we confidently rely on the good sense of the nation soon to quell those wild, though natural, promptings of alarm and rage which bid it seize into its own hands the reins of Eastern Government, and blend Indian dependence, in corrupting union, with English freedom. The revealed immorality of our commerce is perhaps a more unmixt evil than the Indian war, which, if it has cost us blood, tears, and treasure, has also given us glory and heroes. But the principles of the nation are not shaken; and it is clear that the Government, if rightly minded, will find Parliament ready to support it in maintaining a sound code of commercial law against the immoral cravings of reckless speculation. Parliamentary reform looms, to some minds, vast and full of terror. But the forthcoming amending Bill, though it will demand wisdom and courage, will be a trivial affair to the great Reform struggle, which tried to the utmost the elastic strength of the constitution. Sensible Conservatives, having learnt the folly of mere obstruction, are evidently ready to give loyal aid in a fair measure; and sensible Liberals, having learnt the folly of excess, are not in the humour to ask for more. Law Reform renews its annual promise. Outside Parliament, the spiritual life of the nation gains, we trust, new strength—a strength which is shown in religious conflicts, but not in conflicts alone. Social benevolence advances on its peaceful way. Philosophy describes new spheres of thought. And science—though, to rebuke her pride, her Atlantic cable breaks, and her *Leviathan* sticks in the slips—counts that which she has only as an earnest of that which is to come. The nation, which at the outbreak of the Indian mutiny appeared, to envious and exulting eyes, to verge towards her decline, seems still in her “mighty youth.” And she has a better pledge of lasting power and prosperity than her own strength, inasmuch as she is the ark of a great cause. If the ship had no need to fear which carried CÆSAR, the nation has no need to fear which carries Liberty and Truth.

If we try to cast the horoscope of Parliament for the new year, the main fact which strikes us as giving the key to the future is the break-up of party. Party-spirit no longer answers the spur, driven in often and hard by the eager heel of the leader of the Opposition. Toryism and Whiggery seem really dead, though it has been so often said that they were only sleeping till new questions should arise. There are plenty of interests in the House—the landed interest, the commercial interest, the manufacturing interest, the railroad interest, the Dissenting interest—which hold only too well together. But there is no single and definite principle of division binding together two great political armies, and attaching them to the standards of their social leaders. New principles of combination may arise out of new events; but, on the other hand, we must reckon on the disuniting force of increased political knowledge and independent thought, which are fatal to the control of the “whip.” The result, however, of a state of things in which no Ministry can command a majority in the old way, seems to be not, as might have been expected, to make Government weak, but to make a weak Government strong, and to give a PALMERSTON almost the power of a PITT. For all that appears, the present Premier may joke out the year. This is due in part to the sympathy, faint and transient though it be, of England with the political lassitude of the Continental nations. Partly also it is due to a succession of wars, great and small, in the unbroken continuance of which Lord PALMERSTON has been so lucky that, like a whist player who always turns up an honour, he may be suspected of having assisted his fortune by his skill. “He wants a war,” said Louvois when Louis XIV. was out of humour with him, “and by Heaven he shall have it.” But the great ally of the Government is necessity—an ally more forcible than the PREMIER, more persuasive than Mr. HATTEY. Impregnable, because heirless, they may face in confidence the opening year. The “great Conservative party” proceeds, under a happy star, from one depth of greatness and “union” to another. The seceders from the

PALMERSTON Government are still reaping the fruits of their ill-timed and unpatriotic secession. Upon Lord JOHN RUSSELL must, by this time, have dawned the melancholy truth that Government can go on without him. Pressed by the Tories, Lord PALMERSTON finds support in the Radicals—pressed by the Radicals he finds support among the Tories. So he feels firm in his saddle, and pays the people which has so loyally rallied round him by an appointment which outrages, not only all that is moral, but all that is manly, generous, chivalrous in the nation.

Looking from England to the group of European nations, the eye rests on some very dismal phenomena, the key to which is to be found in the law of reaction. Terrorism, Socialism, Atheism, have conspired in the interest of Despotism and Jesuitism, and their conspiracy has been only too successful. In France, the general submission to a “saviour of society” is broken only by the unavailing though honourable constancy of a few exiles; and the observer who does not despair of France looks with hope, not to the overthrow of the EMPEROR, but to the commencement—now faintly visible—of a constitutional struggle for the conversion into realities of those forms of liberty and self-government which a despotism, still tottering, has feared utterly to abolish on the morrow of a great democratic revolution. Perhaps the year will not close without seeing the defeat of LOUIS NAPOLEON in some encounter with the spirit of freedom, resuming its advance under cover of his own hypocritical institutions. The same hope which dawns for France will dawn also for Italy, where the real key-stone of the present Ecclesiastical and BOURBON tyrannies is the FRENCH EMPEROR, who seems to drag at his chariot-wheels the mock CROMWELL so terrible to King OTHO and Commissioner YEH. King BOMBA, excommunicated by diplomacy, seems only to have been released from the last bond of decency by his excommunication, and ceases to pay even the tribute of hypocrisy to justice. At Vienna, despotism finds itself strong enough to dispense with its Bastilles. But the panic and weariness on which the restored despotisms rest will pass away. The love of progress, of liberty, of truth will remain. Despotism and Jesuitism combined might possibly crush or drug them with success, if Europe were entirely given up to despotism and Jesuitism. But Europe still has its England, its Sardinia, its Switzerland, its Belgium, where, in spite of passing clouds and occasional backslidings, the light shines on, and the good cause prevails. Even in Germany the steady continuance of intellectual freedom half makes amends for political prostration. Spain, prone in the gulf of royal amours, and Ministerial intrigues and speculations, seems the opprobrium of Constitutional Government; but even in Spain a hopeful eye may discover the emerging promise of something better than the fatuity of the old BOURBONS, and the reign of the Inquisition. But gages for the future freedom of the world are being fast placed, in increased numbers, beyond the reach of European revolutions and reactions. The true moral position of the Northern States of America is concealed, and their natural influence on humanity marred, by their unnatural and corrupting union with the degraded slave-owners of the South; but the day may come when they will separate themselves from the contagion, and resume their place as a power of good in the community of nations. And England, in the colonies that are, the free nations that are to be, of which she is fast becoming the proud and fruitful mother, is circling the globe with points of light which will shine back on the whole world. The cause of humanity for the last century has been marked by fearful errors and excesses, which have brought down inevitable retribution; but PROVIDENCE is long-suffering and can afford reverses, and the book of history is not yet closed for man.

THE RELEASE FROM LUCKNOW.

THE system of difficult, but excellently combined and most successful operations, by which Sir COLIN CAMPBELL conducted his troops through an unbroken series of town-fortresses to the Lucknow Residency, has scarcely more interest for the country than the fact, barely announced to us, that the persons who had been blockaded for six long months in Lucknow were at length on their way to Cawnpore. Some of our readers will recollect the universal anxiety to hear from the prisoners in Afghanistan the tale of their confinement; and there will now be the same eagerness to have, though from the most unskilled pen, the story of that extraordinary imprisonment which has just

terminated. Probably it will turn out that the interest of the narrative depends, much less than was at first anticipated, on mere physical privations. It is understood that the little company in the Residency was always pretty well supplied with provisions, though these were sometimes of the coarsest. How their food was renewed from time to time, is a curious question; but the next mail is likely to answer it, and at present we can only wonder whether they owed this comparative abundance to one or two successful forays, or (what seems more probable) to a secret understanding with some of the hesitating Oude Zemindars. The general good health of the garrison seems to be attributable to the remarkable number of medical men driven in by the insurrection, but most of all to the magnificent dimensions of a mansion which was, in fact, the palace of the king of the Kings of Oude. We have been told that the Residency included the highest of all Oriental luxuries—a complete set of underground apartments; and there must certainly have been great facilities for isolating the sick, and giving them the advantages of coolness and quiet, since we know, from the private correspondence, that one lady had an attack of small-pox, and completely recovered from it. We can imagine that the appearance of that frightful disease constituted one of the most critical incidents of this drama. What could be more awful than the doubt whether it would or would not spread? But the life of the prisoners, or at all events of those not actively engaged in the defence, must on the whole have contracted itself into prolonged and intense expectation. What a world of emotions must have been called up when some messenger, more fortunate than his fellows, brought in the shreds of paper which announced the successive advances and retreats of HAVELOCK! Some French romancer has already attempted to depict the meeting between the besieged and their earliest deliverers; but though we must pronounce Mrs. "JESSIE BROWN" and her bagpipes to be pure invention, it is likely that we may soon hear the particulars of a scene transcending in its pitch of interest the most elaborate efforts of DUMAS, DICKENS, or WALTER SCOTT.

The revolt will ultimately be dealt with by a system of flying columns on the most extensive scale; but before this plan can be carried out, it is probable that Sir COLIN CAMPBELL will have to conduct a regular campaign in Oude and its neighbourhood. Two large bodies of insurgents are especially noted as requiring chastisement and dispersion. One of them is massed about Fyzabad, where it is said to have enthroned a child as King of Oude; and this force will be greatly swollen by the fugitives from Lucknow. The other consists of the Gwalior Contingent, to which the Dinapore mineers have now joined themselves. The brigade thus formed is said to be threatening Cawnpore from Jalaun, and we have it positively stated that NANA SAHIB has placed himself at its head. There is some plausibility about this last report, for the NANA is likely to feel that his pretended dignity as Peishwa would prove of more use to him amid a force under the influence of Mahratta traditions than it has been in Oude, where there is much reason to think that he has been subordinated to powerful local feudatories and mutinous Subahdars. Should there be the least foundation for the belief that he is with the Gwalior rebels, we fervently trust that they will be selected for prompt attack. Nothing is so likely to restore England and India to their normal state of feeling as the death, however inflicted, of NANA SAHIB. Until that impure blood has been poured out, the appetite for vengeance, gratify it as we may, will never be entirely satiated.

Everybody who loves and respects his country will pin his wishes on the capture of NANA SAHIB, or any other event by which the plague of bloodthirstiness can be stayed. We should be ashamed of ourselves if we did not avow our dismay at the lengths to which, in some notorious instances, an excessive zeal in punishment is driving the Anglo-Europeans. The ghastly exhortations of the Calcutta newspapers are having frightful effect. What can be more ignobly cruel than the controversy about the King of Delhi's great-grandson? It might perhaps have been better to shoot the Mahomedan prince at once. It may have been mistaken kindness to send him out for an airing on an elephant with a gentleman named HOGGE. But now that this one lad is spared among thirty of his uncles and brothers—and now that, for good or evil, he has had his ride—who but a Calcutta penny-a-liner, in a paroxysm of fury at having been frightened out of his wits, would blaspheme for a week at the boy's being left to breathe? And then, is

every flying column which is sent out from a centre of operations like Delhi or Agra always to bring in its tale of villages burned to the ground? Are all the owls in North-Western India to rejoice over us as they did over the Sultan in the apologue? We are told that no village is ever burned unless it resists. This is all very well as respects the first village dealt with, but it may work cruel injustice on the second or third. Village A is burned because it offers resistance. Well and good; but village B may not be well-informed of our principle of action, and may offer resistance simply to prevent its being burned. We may depend upon it that, if this goes on much longer, our good name before the world will be blotted with a stain which centuries will not efface. The measure of justifiable vengeance is never taken by posterity with the balance of contemporary opinion. We beg any one who doubts this just to reflect on all the discredit which has been heaped on the Prussians for the barbarities they perpetrated in the French provinces, and for the Vandalism they only proposed to perpetrate in Paris, during the invasion of 1815. Yet, surely, if ever there was a city and a people who had justly provoked the extremity of retaliation, it was the Paris of 1793, and the France whose armies in 1806 had reaped a harvest of robbery and lust over the whole length of Prussia from the Saxon to the Russian frontier.

THE MEMORIAL IN FAVOUR OF EDUCATIONAL CONSTITUENCIES.

SOME of our readers, at all events, will pardon us for not having given an offhand opinion on the Memorial lately presented to Lord PALMERSTON in favour of "granting, for the benefit of the whole community, a substantive voice in the Legislature to those classes who have had the advantage of a liberal education." Our own leaning was decidedly against the plan; but when we looked down the list of the Memorialists we could not but feel that such men must have a great deal of reason on their side, and that the obvious objections to their scheme might not be so conclusive as they appeared to some whose more than Papal infallibility seems bound, in every case, to give not only a dogmatical, but a summary decision. That list contains men eminent in almost every line—great politicians, great ecclesiastics, great lawyers, great men of science, and great writers. It includes men of all parties, and men of the most different creeds—Lord BROUGHAM uniting with Lord SHAFTESBURY, and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY with leading Nonconformists. In it are some who, born to hereditary rank and wealth, have counted rank and wealth as nothing unless they could win the better nobility of usefulness to their kind; and some who, born to obscurity and poverty, have trodden the steepest path to eminence and fame. Not a few names appear of great citizens who now, in the evening of noble lives, would naturally shrink from coming forward to join in political action, and who can only have been induced to tender their advice to their country on this occasion, by the deepest conviction and the most patriotic solicitude for the welfare of institutions their personal interest in which has almost passed away. England has reason to be proud of such councillors, for she alone possesses them; and common sense, as well as good feeling, requires that their counsels should be received with attention, and discussed with some measure of respect, instead of being dismissed with flippant ridicule and contempt. If the country lost such advisers, their place would be very ill supplied by the smartness of some of their censors in the press.

But it was not only the want of consideration with which the Memorial was treated by the leading journal of which we have to complain. The whole spirit and design of the Memorialists were, we must say, grossly misrepresented. They were held up to scorn and hatred as a set of conceited and coxcombical pedants, with their heads full of the examination mania, seeking in the interest of their own selfish intellectual pride to separate their caste from the "vulgar" and "grovelling" herd, and to place exclusive political power in their own hands. Malice itself, unaided by positive falsehood, can find no trace of any such spirit, or any such designs, either in the Memorial or in the explanatory pamphlet to which the Memorial refers. "The benefit of the whole community," and not the interest of their section of it, is most evidently their real aim, as well as their profession. They desire to make the influence of high education useful to the State for a national object which they think cannot otherwise be attained. That object

is to introduce into the House of Commons a certain amount of political intellect and capacity independent of the great material interests into which the possessors of property are divided. Their scheme may be feasible or not feasible—we think it is not feasible. But it is at all events a patriotic and uninvincible scheme, and to raise the mob against its authors by venomous misconstruction of their sentiments, would be a very heinous and a very mean offence. The truth is, there are men among the Memorialists of whom low intellectual pride is pretty well known not to be the actuating principle, and who are, perhaps, as capable as any writer in the *Times* of seeing that there are better things than intellect, or the fruits of intellect, in the world. There are, perhaps, also men as capable of appreciating the virtues of the people. To take two names out of many—who is a man of the people if Mr. MAURICE is not? Who has done more than Mr. KINGSLEY to raise peasant virtue out of the dust, and to set it as high as art could set it, and win for it the homage of affection? As to the examination mania, the *Times* headed its greatest extravagances, and now the same journal is preparing, with its usual versatility, to head the reaction. But nobody has said a word about examinations on this occasion. It so happens that examination is necessarily the test of qualification, not only for academical degrees, but for most professions; but it is not the test of qualification for literary and scientific societies, the members of which the Memorialists propose to include in their special franchise, and it can hardly be said to be the test of qualification for the military and naval professions, which are also to be included.

The county members represent landed property. The members for the manufacturing districts represent property invested in manufactures. The members for the boroughs represent either the property of shopkeepers or the property of neighbouring squires—unless they represent the property of the member himself, brought to bear on the constituency in the form of bribes. And all these interests are enabled, through the perfection to which the pledging system has been brought, to bind their respective representatives pretty tightly to the furtherance of their own peculiar and, to speak plainly, selfish ends. Who represents the whole country? Who goes or can go into the House, pledged to nothing but to solve all political and social questions that may arise, independently and impartially, to the best of his ability, and to vote always, according to his conscience, for the good of the whole people—for the good of the peasant as his squire—for the good of the poorest mechanic as well as of the cotton lord—for the good of those that have not ten-pound houses as well as of those that have? Surely it is well that there should be a few such men in the Legislature, at least as an experiment. We should soon see whether they would contribute nothing to our councils but “sophisms alternating with Latin quotations,” and hypocritical injunctions to self-reform. Politics is now a science and a philosophy, as the most “practical” leading articles cannot help witnessing; and there seems even an urgent need of legislators who can address themselves, with full knowledge and an unbiassed mind, to the solution of its great problems, and especially of those which involve the reconciliation of the different material interests of the nation. Blind collision is rather a poor—and considering the amount of vile factious passion it excites, rather an expensive—mode of obtaining an equitable result. But since the inevitable suppression of the nomination boroughs, we are at a loss to imagine, and should be glad to be informed by those who are so well satisfied with the present state of things, where a perfectly independent man—a man, that is, independent not only of class or local interest, but of low demagogic compliances—can hope to find a seat. What constituency would now elect a BURKE, a MACINTOSH, a HUSKISSON, or a HORNER—men who in their day contributed something more than Latin quotations (though they may have had the misfortune, like the victims of JACK CADE, to know Latin) even to the material progress of the nation. PEEL himself, who was as much in harmony with the practical tendencies of the country as heart could wish, found it best, in order to secure his Parliamentary independence, to avoid the great class constituencies, and sit for a pocket-borough. But a constituency composed, according to the plan of the Memorialists, of all the members of liberal professions and callings in a large district, might form a refuge for high-minded and perfectly independent public men, not only because the minds of such a constituency would be more cultivated, but because their sympathies would be higher

and more comprehensive, while, from the great variety of the elements of which they would be composed, it would be morally impossible that they could be governed in their choice by any material interest like that of land, manufactures, or trade. The members for such constituencies might have some of the peculiarities of high cultivation, which would also be faults; but the evil would be effectually counteracted by the vast mass of purely practical politicians with which their high cultivation would be combined. Among these peculiarities we will venture to say would not be found an inferiority to the squires, the cotton-lords, and the tenpounders in active sympathy for the unrepresented poor. The last great political effort of the squires was to keep for their own class a tax on the poor man's bread. The cotton-lords do not hate Protection itself more than any attempt in a free country to prevent a man from overworking his own hands. The representative of that typical constituency of ten-pounders, the Tower Hamlets, came forward the other day in the House of Commons to denounce any attempt to deprive his constituents of the lucrative privilege of providing fetid and pestilential dwellings for the poor. We cannot help thinking that upon this occasion certain of the Memorialists would have contributed to the debate something more homely than a Latin quotation.

Still we confess that on the whole, and subject to any further considerations that may be advanced, our opinion is decidedly against the plan. It is put forward in no exclusive or invidious spirit—quite the reverse; but in practice, it seems to us, it would certainly wear an exclusive and invidious appearance. The special constituencies which it would establish would, we fear, become the objects of intense envy and dislike to those who did not possess the educational franchise. The very article in the *Times* to which we have alluded in the course of these remarks may be taken as a correct indication of the feelings of that public which the *Times* studies and endeavours to represent; and the *Times*' humble friend in the Comic press has faithfully followed in the same line. Public institutions, in a free country, must not only be good but popular, or not unpopular; for to be unpopular is to be impotent. A malignant division between the educated and uneducated portions of the community, with the great preponderance of power on the side of the uneducated, would be a very dangerous affair. The “vulgar” and “grovelling” constituencies—as they would be always fancying, and would always be told by their demagogues, they were considered—would be combining in rebellion against the supposed pretensions of intellect, and the result would perhaps be that intellect would become weaker than ever. We believe, then, that it is wiser to direct our efforts to the promotion of better education, which will carry more generous sympathies with it, among the gentry and the middle-classes of what is, after all, a great nation; and that to this rather than to any direct enfranchisement of the educated portion of the community, we must mainly look for the ultimate prevalence of a higher and more independent spirit in the councils of the nation. To infuse a distinctly educational element into the existing constituencies by making academical degrees and professional diplomas a qualification for the franchise, without property, is of course an entirely different measure, and seems unobjectionable, as far as it goes, though it would not go very far. The property qualification itself is defended by the *Times* against universal suffrage as an indirect—it is a very indirect—security for intelligence. Education is a much more direct security for intelligence; and therefore, where its existence can be satisfactorily ascertained, it would seem to have a claim to admission to the franchise which can scarcely be resisted.

A STRONG GOVERNMENT.

LORD PALMERSTON boasts of having a strong Government, and he is determined to test and to parade its strength. He has had a vacancy to fill in his Cabinet, and of all men living he has selected the Marquis of CLANRICARDE as his colleague. It was impossible to make a choice which could more admirably effect the purpose of challenging public opinion, and ascertaining the extremity of insult to which his supporters will submit. When it was announced that Lord HARROWBY was to retire, and was to efface the slight barrier which has hitherto removed him from private life, it was natural to suppose that the vacancy made at so convenient a time would be filled by a successor who could bring some little credit and reputation to the Ministry. The

strong Government is notoriously short of strong hands. In the Commons, there is no one of marked ability to support the PREMIER except the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who openly laments that he is powerless, and, in answer to the earnest applications for legal reform with which he is pressed, explains that he himself heartily assents, but that he is obliged to consult his senior partner on the woolsack, and that the dreadful Jorkins always says, No. In the Lords, the Ministry has exactly that degree of strength which best sets off the oratorical and argumentative triumphs of its opponents. With regard to India especially, which is now the one great engrossing subject of interest, the Cabinet is weaker than on any other side. In the Upper House, there is literally no Minister whose opinion on the subject is of the slightest weight; and in the Commons, the Government is represented by Mr. VERNON SMITH, on whose behalf his friends affectionately urge that although he speaks like a man-milliner disguising the accounts of a trading firm—although he thinks that a sailing-ship in a calm can be propelled by the mere force of a generous emulation—and although he abandoned the whole question of the conveyance of troops to his subordinates—yet he does his best, and works like a clerk. The retirement of Lord HARROWBY gave Lord PALMERSTON a golden opportunity of securing the adhesion of some one acquainted with India, or able to comprehend its wants—some one with the name and the mental grasp of a statesman; and he has used this opportunity by appointing Lord CLANRICARDE. It is not too much to say, that Lord CLANRICARDE unites every possible disqualification. His politics are those of the effete school of Whiggism. He has sunk to that pitch of public estimation which exposes him to be hired out to preside at meetings where resolutions are carried that all Indian reform is valueless unless accompanied by the concession of the Charter; and his private reputation has, rightly or wrongly, been overshadowed with a scandal of the grossest kind. It is all very well for the *Times*, which now naturally wishes to back up a *protégé* of Lord PALMERSTON, to try to persuade us that there is nothing worse to be said of Lord CLANRICARDE than that he is utterly contemptible; but we cannot forget that, on the occasion of a memorable trial, the *Times* pronounced that Lord CLANRICARDE, until the charges made against him were disproved, ought not to show his face again in the House of Lords. We do not wish to inquire too closely or too censoriously into the private lives of public men; but, where grave imputations remain unrefuted, there should be some limit to the insolence of aristocratic condonation, and some tribute paid to the claims of common decency. Certainly, for a man of God, Lord PALMERSTON is content to work with very carnal instruments.

The appointment of Lord CLANRICARDE throws much light on the system by which the strong Government is worked. The secret of strength is the combination of subservience to popular clamour with unlimited jobbing in favour of a clique. Lord PALMERSTON saw that the first of all requisites was that his Government should be popular. He analysed the real wishes of the vulgar who bestow popularity, and found that they have two great centres of interest—the pride of an aggressive race, and the spiritual excitements of Puritanism. Lord PALMERSTON determined to gratify them on both these points, in a way they had never been gratified before. The British Lion was not difficult to conciliate, because that animal cares more for the voice of his keeper than for meat, and does not so much wish anything done, as that a few fine sentences of defiance should be hurled at foreign powers in after-dinner speeches. But the Puritans had to be bought, and Lord PALMERSTON was ready to pay them handsomely. Other Ministers had dallied with them, and had promised them ten or even fifteen pieces of silver. Lord PALMERSTON gave them thirty, ready money, and made BICKERSTETH a bishop. He had his reward, and received the unquestioning support of a grateful country. But besides the support of the country, a Minister wants the support of a faithful knot of Parliamentary dependents. Lord PALMERSTON has secured this in the same determined manner. He understood perfectly that the weaker and more despicable were the men promoted, and the less their claims to public rewards, the stronger would be the tie that bound them to him. He has instilled into the most hopeless scions of the Whig aristocracy the belief that there is something to be got as long as he is their chief. He has sent a HOWARD to distribute stamps at Manchester, and a TOLLEMACHE to be treasurer of the County Courts of Kent. He has handed over Nova Scotia to the cultivated experience of Lord MULGRAVE. He has

revived in Lord CLANRICARDE the pleasant feeling of gratitude, which the Marquis might reasonably have supposed could never again have been awakened in his breast. There is no Whig past hope now. He may be what his good-natured friends call contemptible, but he will do to represent the QUEEN's Government in the House of Lords. He may not be quite certain how to spell his own name, but he will be fit to govern an important colony. He may have no recommendation except his birth, but he can be selected to snatch from solicitors one of the very few appointments to which they are eligible. The clique will take heart, and gain strength, and increase in numbers every day; and, as in Paris, when a revolution is scented, countless ruffians, before unheard of, swarm to take part in the bloodshed and the pillage, so, now that Lord CLANRICARDE is made a Minister, all the Whigs who have been shelved for imbecility, whose reputation has been fly-blown, or who have failed in an honourable career, will turn out of their hiding-places, and flock to the rich banquet which "the People's Minister" provides for them.

It must be acknowledged that there is much worldly wisdom in all this. Popular in the country, and well-served by his dependents, Lord PALMERSTON can afford to defy the intellect of the Houses of Parliament, and to reject the claims of unassisted merit. He can tell Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord JOHN RUSSELL to their faces that he does not care a button for the opinions of the first orator in England, or of the leader of the Liberal party. He can carry out his scheme of dispensing patronage so unscrupulously that his subordinates feel safe in copying it—that jobs are perpetrated at the Horse Guards in a way unknown even there before, while Mr. VERNON SMITH thwarts, in every possible way, the system of competitive examination in the Indian service. What can his opponents do? They can but enjoy the barren triumph of surpassing Lord CRANWORTH in argument, and the Duke of ARGYLL in eloquence. The country and the clique make Lord PALMERSTON safe. Time may perhaps bring a change; and meanwhile we can enjoy the consolation which Lord PALMERSTON offers to those who take interest in the fortunes of European freedom. He is wont to tell them that while constitutional forms remain there is always hope, and that the day may come when these forms will again be instinct with life. We must be content with knowing that there are still constitutional forms in England, that there are men left who hate jobbery, and that the best of luck is proverbially a rotten reed to lean on. Lord PALMERSTON will do his utmost to cry up the men who are associated with him. He will assure the next batch of aldermen whom he addresses in the hours of credulity which follow punch and turtle, that his colleagues are men of European reputation, of unspotted character, and of the most eminent ability; but nothing can prevent Mr. VERNON SMITH's speeches being reported. The Marquis of CLANRICARDE may have the honour of addressing the House of Lords as a Minister; but he will have to speak before an assembly where the favouring glances of ERNEST JONES will no longer cheer him—where it will be scarcely safe to say, as he said at the Indian Reform Meeting, that "the Cabinet must be aided by pressure from without if it is to sweep away the Double Government"—and where he is sure to be followed in debate by Lord GREY and Lord ELLENBOROUGH.

MR. BUCHANAN'S MONETARY POLICY.

THE first Message of the new PRESIDENT of the United States, and the departmental reports which accompany it, have more interest for us than commonly belongs to such documents. We have got so used to the addresses to Bunkum which the Chief Magistrates of the United States are in the habit of delivering, that we are apt to attach but little weight to utterances which so seldom are what they ought to be—dignified declarations of the future policy of a great empire. Mr. BUCHANAN's Message is certainly not free from the defects which it seems impossible for a PRESIDENT to avoid. The uncandid treatment of the stale controversy about Central America, and the quibbling compromise suggested in the Kansas matter, were obviously dictated rather by party tactics, and by deference to popular prejudices, than by any large statesmanlike views. But there is one topic—and that the one in which we have the greatest interest—which is handled in a bold and uncompromising spirit. The commercial and monetary policy of our Transatlantic customers is a much more important matter to us than the limits

assigned to their "domestic institution," or even the temper of their diplomatic intercourse. America is not likely to go to war with us under the most bellicose Administration; but she is certain to trade with us, and is very well able, as recent events have shown, to inflict an enormous amount of suffering on our commerce. It is therefore matter for congratulation that the PRESIDENT, adopting the views of the Secretary of the Treasury, has had the courage to attribute the commercial troubles of America to their true cause, instead of pandering to the spirit of speculation by ascribing all that has happened to inevitable accident. The "nobles and merchant princes" who did their best to bolster up the wretched mismanagement of the Western Bank of Scotland, may learn a lesson, from the plain speaking of Mr. BUCHANAN, on a subject which a selfish regard for his own popularity might have tempted him to approach in a very different temper. With an honesty scarcely to be expected, he does not hesitate to say that the revulsion of credit has been caused by the extravagant and vicious system of paper currency and bank credits, leading, as it must do, to wild speculation and gambling in stocks. Though he acknowledges, with undisguised regret, that the power of issue enjoyed by the State Banks has been too long exercised to be questioned now, he recommends Federal interference to such an extent as gradually to limit the note circulation to sums not less than 50 dollars, and at the same time to compel every bank to keep a specie reserve of at least one-third of its liabilities. As a further check upon undue expansion, he proposes that a universal bankrupt law should be passed, making it an irreversible organic law of a bank's existence that a suspension of cash payments should produce its civil death, and force it into liquidation. That some remedy is called for is only too obvious. From the figures collected by the Secretary, it appears that an aggregate circulation of about 215,000,000 dollars, together with deposits amounting to 230,000,000, was maintained upon a specie basis of only 58,000,000, or considerably less than one-seventh of the total liabilities of the banks. Whatever may be thought of the wisdom or feasibility of the repressive measures suggested for the prevention of so dangerous a state of things, it is something that the evil is thus openly admitted and condemned by the highest authority in the United States.

It is now more than ever manifest that no nation, however cautious may be its own currency laws, can escape the consequences of a redundant and ill-secured note circulation in other countries. In commercial affairs, the world is growing every day more like an universal republic. Isolation is impossible; and the disasters which result from the folly of one country are certain to extend to all others with which it trades. No State ever regulated its own currency on a more careful and secure basis than Hamburg has done for many years; and yet, forming as it does but a small element in the commercial system of the world, it has suffered as severely as those who have courted ruin by a practice of extravagant issues. We should be the last to attribute the recent commercial disasters in any country to currency legislation alone. Our home experience has shown that, under any regulations, it is possible for a thoroughly rotten trade to be fostered by excessive banking facilities. But it is nevertheless true that one of the most powerful instruments for converting a time of pressure into a period of panic and bankruptcy is to be found in a lax system of paper issues. So long as a single important State refuses to join in putting a wholesome restraint upon this element of disorder, there exists a removeable source of danger, not only to itself, but to the whole trading world. The worthless paper of an insolvent American bank is a nuisance to others besides those who employ it as their medium of exchange. The inflation of credit thus produced is sure to be followed by a collapse that must be felt almost as much on this side of the Atlantic as on the other; and we have, therefore, a direct interest in every effort which may be made to introduce in America a sounder system, founded on an adequate metallic basis. No one who knows the extent of the mischief which may be produced by unsound trading and speculative banking, will venture to predict the cessation of crises of panic under the wisest laws that human wit can devise; but if we cannot remove all sources of danger, it would be no small gain to get rid of one which is always acting, and in no country more energetically than in the United States. A universal consent among mercantile countries to employ no circulation unsupported by a reserve of coin varying, as ours does, with the amount of notes issued, would relieve trade from one

of its greatest perils; and any approximation to this principle on the part of America must be reckoned as an important step in advance.

We wish we could speak as favourably of the particular scheme suggested by the PRESIDENT as we have done of the general tone of his remarks upon the late disasters. But his proposal is based upon an idea which it will probably be found impracticable to work, and which, if carried out, would be but an imperfect palliative. It is possible enough for a State to establish laws by which a note circulation may be made as absolutely safe as a strictly metallic one; but we are convinced that no system of returns, and no bankrupt laws, however stringent, can prevent either banks or mercantile firms from doing a speculative business if they are so minded. We have clauses in the charters of many of our own banks requiring them to wind up their business as soon as a certain proportion of their capital is lost. When have these provisions stayed the course of an insolvent bank? The Royal British and the London and Eastern Banks have taught us how easily such cobweb legislation may be broken through. It would be the same with the bankrupt law by which the PRESIDENT vainly hopes to compel the American banks to maintain a reserve bearing a fixed proportion to their total liabilities. By attempting to deal with matters beyond the reach of the arm of the law, we only ensure failure and disappointment; and the PRESIDENT would have a better chance of doing something if he limited his plan to the regulation of the paper issues, and left the other business of the banks to take its course. So comparatively small an interference may seem inadequate—and in one sense would be so, for it certainly would not meet every source of mischief; but it would control the only part of the evil which legislation can cure, and would materially reduce, though it might not altogether remove, the dangers to which commerce has been exposed with such fatal results. But it is not so much from the prospect of federal legislation that we look for a steadier system of trade in America, as from the gradual propagation of sound and rational views. Legislation, if attempted, will probably fail. There is too much jealousy of central interference among the American States to give much hope of success to the project which Mr. BUCHANAN has ventilated; and for the present we must content ourselves with finding that no official encouragement has been given to over-trading by glossing over the real causes of the convulsion, or by holding out vain hopes of Government aid against any similar catastrophes that may hereafter occur. "There are many persons," says the Secretary, "who seem to think it is the duty of the Government to provide relief in all cases of trouble and distress, without fully considering that such is not the theory of our Government." The rebuke is one which might have been directed to some among ourselves, and we look upon it as a good sign that even Transatlantic statesmen can venture to preach such unpalatable truths. A popular delusion which free-born Americans can bear to hear condemned must be approaching its last hour, and can scarcely survive much longer in the calmer atmosphere of Britain.

THE WINTER ASSIZES.

THE crimes of 1857 will long maintain a sinister eminence in legal and social history. We hardly remember a year in which acts of desperate violence or of gigantic dishonesty have been so common. We have from time to time called the attention of our readers to some of the more terrible items in the dark catalogue; and we have now to conclude our task by commenting on some of the more remarkable of the cases which have been brought to trial, and in some instances to punishment, at the winter assize which has just concluded. The extent and gravity of the offences which have been investigated are almost unparalleled. In nearly every assize town, men or women have been tried for their lives. In a considerable number of instances, sentence of death has been passed, and will in all probability be carried out; and, in several cases, men of wealth and education have been sentenced to long terms of penal servitude for frauds of the most scandalous character, or have escaped that fate by the imperfection of the law.

The most remarkable case at the late assizes was certainly that of James Ferguson Henderson, tried at Chester, before Mr. Baron Channell, for the murder of his father at Bramhall. We are under some disadvantages in offering an opinion on it, for the newspaper reports are necessarily compressed, and the facts upon which the justice of the verdict depended were very minute. Subject, however, to such deductions as may be necessary on this head, we are of opinion that no man ever had a narrower escape from the gallows than the prisoner Henderson, and that no case ever occurred in which the public at large would have been more disposed to ratify

a verdict of guilty. The circumstances were shortly as follows:—Henderson was cashier to a merchant at Manchester; and he lived with a brother, his father, mother, and two sisters, at a farmhouse near Bramhall, in Cheshire. On the 29th of September his father went to bed at about nine, the rest of the family somewhat later, and the prisoner remained up last of all. At two A.M. the household were disturbed by a shot from a gun. They all rose. A second shot was fired by the prisoner, as he said, at the "outline" or shadow of a man which he saw in a passage near his father's room. After firing, he went back to his own room, loaded both barrels of his gun, and, in company with his brother and a servant, went down to look for the robbers whom he said he had seen in the house. The back-door, which had been locked and barred, was open, and the bar was leaning against the wall. The tap of a barrel of ale in the cellar was running. The lock of the prisoner's desk was broken off, and 14*l.* 10*s.* which it contained was gone. The old man was shot through the head. A large quantity of money was in his desk undisturbed, and a slip of carpet by the bed-side had not been moved. These circumstances in themselves were most suspicious.

That robbers should enter a house, and proceed immediately to commit an entirely useless crime, in a manner which must defeat their own object, and in all probability secure their instant detection, is in itself a most improbable supposition—one which nothing but the strongest evidence could establish. The old man was murdered in his sleep, and that by a gunshot wound; and these two circumstances prove, almost to demonstration, that the murderers were not robbers. On the other hand, the indications that point to the guilt of the prisoner are numerous and extremely cogent. He had quarrelled with his father some months before his death, and had cruelly beaten him. He was in the habit of speaking of him in the most brutal manner. He declared that when he fired the second shot, the man at whom he fired screamed out and leaped up, and he said that he had hit him in the neck; yet no blood was found near the place which the shot had struck. The desk from which he stated that the money had been taken, had not been broken open as thieves would have broken it. The lock was torn from it; but if it had been locked at the time, the hasp would have remained fixed to the lock; and this was not the case. This would point to the conclusion that its condition was a device arranged for a guilty purpose, and in order to make evidence. It is most material that this desk was the only thing in the house which even seemed to have been plundered. The prisoner's own behaviour was, in at least one particular, highly suspicious. He went to Manchester on the day after the murder to arrange some matters of business, and while there he saw a Mr. Walker, whom he informed of the murder. Mr. Walker asked how it happened, and he gave a long account of the matter, which began with an explanation of his reasons for having his gun loaded, and wore in other respects the appearance of a defence at a time when no charge had been made against him. The effect of this upon Mr. Walker seems to have been such that he told the prisoner, in a very pointed manner, that "these shocking murderers were always discovered, and that if men did not find them out, God would." To this indirect accusation the prisoner made no answer, but seemed greatly distressed and confused. As if, however, all this were not enough, another piece of evidence was produced which would seem to be almost conclusive. Twelve small pieces of paper, evidently fragments of wadding, were found in the bedroom of the murdered man; and a printer declared that they had formed part of the seventy-seventh number of a tale called *The Cottage Girl*, which he had printed some years ago. About seventy complete numbers of the tale in question were found in the prisoner's bedroom, and part of the seventy-seventh number was also found, which wanted the pages to which the wadding had belonged. The report of this part of the evidence is so much compressed in the report which we have seen that it is impossible to say how far it went; and from the way in which the judge summed up, we should suppose that the identification was not made out conclusively. Such was the case against the prisoner, and we can hardly imagine a stronger one. The points in his favour were, that his brother and sister both swore that between the two shots they heard footsteps which they knew were not his (he was rather lame), running either up or down stairs; but the servant, Bleeze, who heard each shot, heard no footsteps. Another circumstance was, that though the mother and another sister were in the house at the time, they were not called for the Crown. It must be observed, however, that hardly any part of the case against the prisoner rested exclusively on the evidence of the prisoner's near relations—that they were under the strongest possible inducement to save his life—and that that part of their testimony which made in his favour could not from its nature be contradicted. These considerations go far to explain the conduct of the counsel for the Crown in not calling the mother and the other sister. The jury thought fit to acquit the prisoner; and their opportunities of forming an opinion are so much better than those which any one can possess who merely reads reports of the proceedings, that we can only express our conviction that Henderson was either the luckiest or the most unlucky of mankind.

Another instance of an acquittal in the face of apparently strong evidence, occurred in the case of a man named Clare, who was tried at Stafford, on the 15th December, before Baron Martin. Few persons, however, will doubt that the verdict was perfectly

right. A girl named Hopley, who had been in the prisoner's employment, was found drowned in a canal. There were no marks of violence upon her, and the place in which she was found was dangerous, inasmuch as the canal-bank was steep, and there was a furnace in the neighbourhood which gave a light so dazzling and treacherous as to confuse those who passed by at night. The girl had been seen to go in the direction of the canal; and shortly afterwards screams were heard, and the voices of a man and woman quarrelling. About three weeks after her death, a man, who seems to have been little better than a tramp, declared that he had seen Clare knock the girl down, and then throw her into the canal, and that the prisoner had threatened to serve him in the same way if he mentioned it. There was, however, some evidence of an *alibi* on the part of Clare—there were no bruises on the girl's body or head—the time assigned to the struggle did not agree with the time of the screams heard by another witness—and the jury most properly refused to attach any weight to such testimony. This has been referred to as an exceptional case, in which direct was outweighed by circumstantial evidence. It proves, in fact, that unless confirmed by surrounding circumstances, mere direct evidence goes for little. If two persons were alone in a railway carriage, and, on arriving at the station, one were to accuse the other of having stolen his purse, and thrown it out of the window into a river—and if the accused vehemently and consistently asserted his innocence, so that the whole affair depended on the assertion of the one and the denial of the other—it would be most undesirable that a jury should convict. To do so would be to place the life and liberty of any one man at the mercy of any other.

In several other trials for murder, convictions were obtained and sentence of death was passed. Such were the cases of Beale, who murdered his fellow-servant near Bristol, and that of Mellor, who killed his wife at Liverpool. Mellor's case deserves notice on account of a singular incident which attended it. A jurymen named Thornley answered when a man named Thorne was called; and as the prisoner might possibly have challenged him if he had known his right name, it seems that the matter will have to be reheard—probably with the same result—at the spring assizes. This is not unlike what happened a year ago, on the trial of a man named Mansell. He was kept under sentence of death for upwards of seven months, whilst several legal arguments were held as to the regularity of the proceedings against him, the only possible consequence of which would have been a second trial and a second conviction. It is a dreadful thing that so much useless torture should be inflicted, though it is not very easy to say how it is to be avoided.

Some cases have, as usual, occurred which illustrate the unsatisfactory nature of our definitions of murder and manslaughter. One of these is of a nature so horrible and revolting that we mention it with some hesitation. A man called Greenwood was convicted, before Mr. Justice Wightman at Liverpool, of having caused the death of a little girl under ten years of age. Acting under the influence of a loathsome and stupid superstition, he committed a felonious assault upon her, and she died in consequence. To cause the death of another person by committing a felony, though the death may not be intended, is murder; and there can be no doubt at all that, in this particular instance, Greenwood deserved death as richly as any miscreant at Delhi or Cawnpore; but the jury were frightened at what is called the doctrine of constructive malice, and convicted him of manslaughter. It is some satisfaction that he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. A somewhat analogous case occurred at Nottingham before Mr. Justice Crompton. James Wright shot a man called Holland through the leg, blowing his knee to pieces, with hardly any provocation, and with every sign of deadly and long-standing ill-will. Holland died of the effects of the wound, and the jury convicted Wright of manslaughter, though the judge, in strict accordance with the well-known rule of law, directed them to convict him of murder if they thought he meant to do Holland any grievous harm. We are inclined to think that in each of these cases the law might with advantage have been carried into effect in all its strictness, because in each the criminal showed a reckless disregard for human life, coupled with atrocious cruelty. The fact, however, is that the definition of murder, which includes such cases as these, is so wide and so technical that juries cannot understand and will not act upon it. If the law enacted plainly that all persons who even unintentionally destroy life in the commission of certain atrocious crimes should be held to be murderers, the moral feeling of the nation would go along with it; but it is at present so subtle and so arbitrary that it is in practice a dead letter.

We may conclude our observations on crimes of violence by observing that no less than seventeen cases of garrotte robberies were tried at the Stafford Assizes.

The number of crimes against property committed by persons of considerable wealth and education, is the most startling and unpleasant circumstance brought to light by the late Assize. It creates a painful suspicion as to the general state of mercantile morality. What, for example, can possibly be worse than the case of Mr. Henry Bright, of Hull? He was one of the most conspicuous persons in the town, and he was especially remarkable for the zeal with which he devoted himself to all religious undertakings. Some years ago he published by subscription a volume of sermons, preached at his own suggestion, with an unctuous preface, concluding with a prayer that the sermons might "prove

an eternal blessing to many souls." Shortly after, he forged a transfer of certain shares held by a third person, for the firm of which he was a member, and applied the proceeds to his own personal use. He was the managing partner, and continued for some years to pay the dividends out of his own pocket. He even included the shares in a valuation of the assets of the firm, made when he purchased them from the administrator of his deceased partner. There could therefore be no doubt of his guilt, though he set up the defence that this was a mere dealing with partnership property for which he had the authority of the senior partner. The defence itself, together with other circumstances which came out at the trial, shows in the plainest way the steps by which he gradually sank into crime. He launched into speculations of the wildest kind, and quite unconnected with his own business. His partner's capital was about 40,000*l.*; his own was at one time about 10,000*l.*, and it soon disappeared altogether; yet with this comparatively trifling base for their operations, the firm in one year "turned over" no less than 1,125,000*l.* The profit and loss on transactions of such enormous magnitude must have been large enough to risk the total sacrifice of their capital at any moment, and to involve them in utterly hopeless ruin. The man who, having 50,000*l.*, contrives to obtain goods worth 500,000*l.* on the speculation of selling them for 550,000*l.*, sets his whole fortune on a single cast of the dice just as much as if he did it at roulette or rouge-et-noir. It is a most instructive circumstance that an eminently religious man—and we see no reason to doubt Mr. Bright's sincerity—saw no sort of harm in this. The notion that life is divided into two halves, the spiritual and the secular, governed by different principles, and amenable to different laws, is logically deducible from much of the theology of the day, and in such cases as these we see its practical results. Mr. Bright earnestly wished in early life to be a clergyman. When he was about thirty, he actually went to Cambridge for that purpose, and only gave up his scheme because his partner begged him to do so "with tears in his eyes." As he found some difficulty in becoming a saint, the only alternative which suggested itself was that of being a cheat; but he still maintained a kindness for the other calling, and would have preferred it had circumstances permitted. Every step in his progress is lamentably clear. From excessive over-dealings in the partnership to dealings dishonest as against the partnership, and from these to downright forgery, the road was broad and easy. We can see how narrow and technical an offence the crime which righteously consigned him to penal servitude must have appeared. How could the mere form of writing one name or another make much difference, when his whole life-time was passed in dealing with other men's property, and trading on imaginary capital? He is a terrible illustration of the character of the crimes to which religious men are perhaps more prone than their neighbours—quiet, respectable, gradual sins, which excite no scandal and give no alarm, and which are quite compatible, and indeed, on the principle of paying Paul after you have robbed Peter, have a certain sort of affinity with a great deal of church-going and charity—gentlemanlike sins, which imply no connexion with publicans or sinners—and, above all, good, hardy, practical, vigorous-minded sins, which demand a *mens sana in corpore sano*, and are not part of the mischief which Satan finds for idle hands to do.

The case of John Doherty, "one of the most eminent provision merchants at Liverpool," gives a further illustration of the state of English commerce. Mr. Doherty was acquitted, not apparently because there was any doubt as to the facts of his case, but because there was a technical difficulty in proving the particulars of one of his arrangements, and because the law regarded the other as not being criminal. As stated by the counsel for the Crown at Liverpool on the 15th December, they were as follows:—A correspondent sent the prisoner a bill of lading for a cargo of flour, and drew a bill on him for the value. He wished the Borough Bank to guarantee his acceptance, and deposited the bill of lading with them as security. He then told the bank that he had sold the corn to the firm of Messrs. Bingham and Co., and by that representation got their public officer to return him the document on the understanding that he would get for them Messrs. Bingham's acceptance. He never had sold the corn to Messrs. Bingham, and he obtained the acceptance of that firm by pledging with them an entirely different bill of lading, which was both legally and practically worthless, inasmuch as it was a mere duplicate—another bill of the same set, and conveying a right to the same cargo, having been already pledged elsewhere. This was the charge against Mr. Doherty, but the public officer of the Borough Bank was not forthcoming, so that the false pretence against that institution could not be proved; and the law, or rather the courts, have contrived to provide that, however criminal it may be to obtain money by false pretences, there is no criminality in inducing people to accept bills of exchange by them, unless indeed the gentleman in want of money is foolish enough to be guilty of a conspiracy.

Such were some of the principal cases which have been tried within the last few weeks. Our limits will only allow us to allude to a few others, though each of them presented some remarkable features. For example, there was the case of a surgeon sentenced by Mr. Justice Willes, at Winchester, to eighteen months' imprisonment for manslaughter, by gross negligence in his treatment of a case of midwifery. The sentence

was a most just and a most important warning to professional men who undertake duties of such delicacy and responsibility; and we are glad to find a disposition to repress the destruction of human life by negligence, with at least as much severity as is often shown to comparatively trifling offences against property. Another trial which deserves some attention occurred at Lincoln, before Mr. Justice Crompton. A man named Wright was convicted of embezzling, by successive pilferings, no less than 3000*l.* from a bank of which he was one of the local managers. This case gave rise to the strangest complication of questions about the difference between larceny and embezzlement, and set in a striking light the extraordinary fact that a man must be acquitted when it is certain that he has either stolen or embezzled, but uncertain which of the two crimes he has committed. We may notice as a singularity, that at Lincoln no less than eighty-two grand-jurymen were fined 20*l.* each for non-attendance. 1640*l.* is a handsome windfall for that mysterious entity which is called "the Green-wax."

As a relief from the awful character of some of the transactions to which we have referred, we may conclude by alluding to a trial which presented some very ludicrous features. It has been observed that it is difficult to know how much hot water a man will allow to be poured into his boots before he kicks. We should have thought that Mr. Robertson Gladstone was pretty well hardened to criticism, but there is a point at which even he recoils, and indicts his assailants for libel at the assizes. The bursting charge was composed of such materials as these:—Mr. Gladstone was called "disloyal," an "English Sepoy," "a hyena in his den, continually moving about and uttering discordant sounds;" moreover, the *Liverpool Herald* "thought he had reached the lowest depth; but we are sorry to find that there is a lower still—one that smacks strongly of blasphemy as well as of disloyalty." We suppose that, till Mr. Gladstone enlarged his views, Mr. Potts—for that gentleman must have removed from Eatonwill to Liverpool—had originally conceived that a man could fathom the depths of infamy without forfeiting decency or loyalty. We are surprised that his thunderbolts should have made so much impression.

THE PARADOXICAL THEORY OF THE BAR.

SOME newspaper writers and correspondents have lately passed through their periodical fit of indignation against the supposed license of the Bar. There is no novelty either in the facts which are stated or in the arguments to which they give rise. The doctrine that criminals ought not to be defended, though plausible, is incomplete. The gentler sex, in this instance more consistently logical, generally holds that they ought not even to be tried before conviction. Philanthropy, always dissatisfied with the existing state of things, formerly proved to demonstration the hardship of compelling a prisoner to speak for himself without the aid of counsel. The opposite grievance of speeches delivered by counsel in behalf of prisoners seems an unavoidable alternative. Philanthropy itself can scarcely ask an advocate to earn his fee by informing the jury that his client is too guilty to be defended.

Lord Macaulay has somewhere constructed a formula for the use of those moralists who denounce the unscrupulousness of the Bar. The text might well supersede the discourses which it adorns, as it condenses all the arguments which they contain into a neat and compendious form. "It is strange," says the celebrated essayist, "that a man will do in a wig and gown what no temptation would induce him to do in his ordinary dress." The antithesis is well pointed, and the epigram concise; but experience suggests that apophthegms of this peculiar form necessarily contain a fallacy. In nature there is no epigrammatic antithesis. The hermit of Prague, who as he never saw pen and ink was exempt from the temptations of authorship, more wisely said to the men of King Gorboduc, "Whatever is, is." A strange phenomenon is not anomalous in itself, although it may astonish an unprepared observer. The first impression produced by a thunderstorm or an earthquake on an unsophisticated mind is, that an interruption has occurred in the ordinary course of nature. It is strange that the damp clouds should emit fire, that the solid earth should shake, and, in general, that anything should happen which was not expected, and is not instantly comprehended. Men of science, on the other hand, even if they fail to explain the exception, are aware that it must be an illustration, and not a violation, of the law. It is for children to wonder that sea anemones should be classed among animals, or that bats, though they fly, should be quadrupeds. A naturalist is no more scandalized by the *ornithorynchus paradoxus* than by a cow or a sheep. Students of moral and social relations habitually proceed on similar assumptions in their analogous pursuit of knowledge. To all but epigrammatists, a seeming paradox is something to be explained, and not to be deliberately represented as unintelligible.

Lord Macaulay has attained his reputation as a delineator of paradoxical characters by a simple and effective method. A general and exhaustive description of the individual is followed by the instances in which he displayed qualities precisely opposite to those which have been originally attributed to him. "A. was a selfish coward, yet he habitually incurred danger for the sake of his friends. B., the notorious miser, acted with profuse liberality. It is strange that C., the most perfidious of mankind, should—such is the inconsistency of human nature—have died

rather than betray his confederates." Perhaps one reader in a hundred discovers that the puzzle is exclusively constructed by the ingenious showman, who stands—

Like Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders.

There would have been nothing imposing in the statement that A, B, and C were, like their fellow-creatures, mixed and complex characters. Natural history composed on the same principle would be lively if not instructive. A lobster might be defined as a shell-fish of a dark colour; yet such is the inconsistency of crustaceous nature, that when boiled it becomes red. The carnivorous bear eats roots; the herbivorous hog is greedy for offal. Omit all minor distinctions in the first definition to insert them in a supplementary clause, and there is no difficulty in producing effective contrasts.

Is it, after all, strange that men in a wig and gown should do what they would not do in their ordinary dress? It would be more strange if they assumed a professional costume for the purpose of acting without reference to the objects of the profession. The truth of the proposition may be tested by applying it to other avocations. It is strange that a humane dentist who has got a patient in his chair should take the opportunity to inflict the most excruciating pain. It is strange that a well-bred and sensible man with his gown on in the pulpit should compel two or three hundred persons to listen to his commonplaces for three-quarters of an hour. In a drawing-room on a week-day, he would be incapable of attempting to establish so offensive a monopoly. Strangest of all is the case of the soldier in his red coat, who deliberately shoots down his opponent in the field, yet whom no consideration would induce, in private life, to commit a murder or even an assault.

The antithesis assumes that the members of the Bar are generally honourable and conscientious; and it is therefore necessary to the completion of the paradox that they should be described as acting in a base and mercenary manner. But honourable men who are habitually base exist not in real life, but only in the writings of clever epigrammatists. That an entire class of such men should, without a single exception, deliberately commit on every opportunity the crime of which barristers are accused, is simply an impossibility. The point of the sentence would be blunted by a specification of the implied charge. What is it that a barrister would do in Court which he would refuse to do at home? In his wig and gown he uses all the arguments which he can command in support of one side of a litigated question. The candid opinion which he would express on the subject in private conversation would simply be an impertinent intrusion on the province of the tribunal. His costume symbolizes his position as the paid representative of one of the litigants. His honour is not pledged to the opinion which he defends, inasmuch as he is prohibited from avowing it as his own.

That irregular and dishonest practices occur at the bar is undoubtedly true, but the Macaulay antithesis is quite as inapplicable to the delinquents as to the whole body of the profession. The men who are guilty, in wig and gown, of dishonourable acts, would probably yield even more easily to any temptation unconnected with their peculiar calling. Professional opinion and etiquette exercise a powerful check on all but the most reckless members of the body. There is no profession in which there is a nicer appreciation of individual character, or a more accurate graduation in the respect which is paid to scrupulous probity as compared with a laxer standard of moral conduct. It would be well if the social police exercised by the better portion of the Bar were more generally supported by public feeling. The press has been too prone to defend obnoxious members of the profession against the penalty which they have justly incurred. Indiscriminate censure involves of itself a condonation of all special offences.

The controversy on the doctrine of advocacy is never likely to close; but if the opponents of the system wish to arrive at the truth, they will abstain from relying on the popular antithesis. Let them be well assured that the wig and gown effect no moral change in the character of the wearer. If it is wrong to defend a prisoner, the prisoner's counsel is a wrongdoer, with full notice and perfect knowledge of the nature of his occupation. The Bar cannot be vindicated by excuses or subterfuges. It either performs a duty or perpetrates habitual crime. Lord Macaulay's authority, however high, is not infallible, especially when he indulges in the enumeration of apparent moral contradictions. A paradox is *παρά δόξαν*—contrary to what the observer previously thought. It is highly unprofitable to persevere in an opinion proved to be erroneous for the purpose of contrasting it with the fact which cannot be mistaken. Brilliant writers, however, sometimes invent a phenomenon for the very purpose of exhibiting it as an anomaly or existing impossibility.

SOUTHWARD HO TO GREYTOWN!

THE picturesque and poetical element in filibustering is so seductive that we are apt to forget its practical atrocities. It realizes the original conception of war. Before the rights of nations and the cumbrous technical relations between the various members of the great commonwealth of peoples worked themselves into shape, all war was filibustering, and a fine free thing it was. Normans and Danes, Sea-kings and Rovers, Red and Black, all were filibusters. Drake and Raleigh were little worse, and even

Anson was little better. Privateering is the same thing; and there is something so genial in it, and romance and history have drawn such lively pictures of it, that one need not have Mr. Kingsley's sympathies to feel an uncommon, though of course reprehensible, interest in the class of filibusters. And then there is at least one spot in the world which has always been the debateable land for free lances and free sailors. The Spanish main is the filibuster's chosen home. A *hacienda* with a dollar-bleeding Don, a coffee-plantation, black eyes, and a hammock, are not complete without the suggestion of the gallant robbers who, two hundred strong, always contrive to lay a whole city under contribution. Even the victims like the gallant thieves; and we all sympathize with the pleasant fellows more than is consistent with our respect for Vattel and Grotius. Nicaragua and Costa Rica not only suggest, but seem to justify—certainly to invite—Walker and Henningsen. We have, we begin to think, no more right to complain of mosquitoes than of filibustering in those orange groves. New Orleans and Mobile as much engender and educate filibusters as Clovelly and Bideford naturally suggest and compel the shout of Westward Ho!

If President Buchanan were honest, which we believe he is in a way, he would take this hint about filibustering. Why not justify it—name and thing? It would save some solemn prosing, and it really is what he and his countrymen mean. They cannot resist filibustering, and they do not intend to resist it. Like whittling and expectoration, it comes by nature to the American mind. Filibustering has, as we have hinted, a sort of justification—not a highly moral one, but a practical one. It is the form in which the desire of excitement in a forward, pushing, unscrupulous condition of the national mind naturally develops itself. England, in the golden days, was not at the trouble of disavowing the taste. Good Queen Bess invested in piracy, took her solid cent. per cent., and preached no sermons about the immorality and wickedness of filibustering. President Buchanan thinks it prettier to pocket the returns and to deliver edifying homilies on the laws of the great comity of nations, but winks his eye as he lets Walker slip off to his piracy. Nothing can be sounder or fairer than the President's weighty language. The reason of the thing, the law and constitution, are all against it. The practice is abominable, dangerous, and disgraceful, and must be discontinued. He earnestly commits the matter to the serious consideration of Congress. The national honour and character, and, still more, the interests of the Union, are injured; and then the next mail tells us that Walker is at his old tricks again, and has landed at Nicaragua. Walker, to be sure, was held to bail; but everybody in the States knew why and how, and in what company, he had left New Orleans. President Buchanan forgot to state, what he knew very well, that at the very moment he was haranguing the Senate in this edifying language at Washington, Walker was steaming to Nicaragua.

As to the complicity of the States in this disgraceful proceeding, there can be no question about it. Walker landed actually under the very guns of a United States ship of war—he passed within hail of the *Saratoga*. But "the officers of the *Saratoga* express great vexation at Walker's landing." Innocent victims of their confidence in their fellow-citizens! but who are so blind as they who will not see? "They had not heard of Walker's departure, and were not looking for him." Here in England we were aware of it; and it was the plainest duty of the United States authorities to have ordered a strict look-out. "They were entirely off their guard," because it was convenient to be off their guard. In England we can stop a frigate fitting out suspiciously at Deptford; and on the African coast we are alive enough to the sight of everything that cruises on the waters. Even America can be active when it is too late; and at Nicaragua, too, it is quite edifying to hear that "Commodore Paulding tried to seize the *Fashion* at Aspinwall," only it was unlucky that she had just landed Walker at Greytown, and of course her papers were all right. However, it is never too late to mend. There is one mode by which President Buchanan can do something to justify himself in the eyes of the world; and it is yet open to him. Will he bring the commander of the *Saratoga* to a court-martial for neglect of duty? Will he prosecute the captain of the *Fashion* for conveying the filibusters from an American port? That conscientious officer "was told that he had to leave a couple of hundred coffee planters at Greytown," and with a sanctimonious face, and in serious words, this honest gentleman hints "that he has fulfilled his orders properly."

Meantime, some abatement of the picturesque beauty of filibustering in these days occurs in the discovery that all these scarfed and genial soldiers of fortune are after all only hired in Wall-street. They are only a speculation in the money market. "Walker's Stock is up," we are told—an enigmatical quotation of the value of piracy as a Stock Exchange investment, which receives some light from the announcement that one of Walker's robberies was guaranteed and actually paid by a New York Steam Navigation Company, to the tune of 20,000 dollars. Among the worst evils of this connivance, to say the least of it, on the part of the Executive, is the damage which it inflicts on the national character. What reverence for law and honesty in public matters can there be when the guardians of the public faith and national honour affect to be horror-stricken and ashamed at filibustering, while, at the same time, the ordinary news letter informs us of what must have been known to every senator at Washington, that "advices from New Orleans state that

Henningsen was about to leave Mobile in a few days with rocco men, to take the military command of the new expedition? Walker and Henningsen were publicly fêted throughout the Union; and, as regards personal qualities, one of them was the companion of Zumalacarre. This man—who at one time, at least, was a gallant soldier, an artist, and writer of no mean attainments—at least deserves better of a civilized nation than to be turned into a piratical ruffian by the criminal and unworthy temptations to which the Government of the United States subjects him, and it may be the like of him. Even in a filibuster there may be elements of nobility which a great nation has no right to ruin. We speak now only of the moral disgrace which is inflicted on the community which encourages, if it does not hire, expeditions such as those of Walker. The political and social consequences are far worse. We find that English property and lives are at this moment in danger at Greytown, and that our line-of-battle ship, the *Brunswick*, has moved up to that place. What if a chance encounter about this gang of thieves should happen between her and the American ships? Already the West India steamer, the *Dec*, has brought off some of the goods of the British traders; but as though to make the complicity of the Americans past dispute, it is announced that Captain Chatard “could give no assurance that he would protect Greytown against the marauders.” Indeed, we are actually told that, “as he was unwilling to undertake responsibility, and was dependent on his profession for the support of a large family, he was not disposed to run the risk of incurring the displeasure of his own Government”—of that very Government which had just announced to Congress in solemn cant and snuff, its righteous abhorrence and detestation of filibustering in general, and its severe displeasure at Walker’s escape in particular.

But President Buchanan will reply, “Allowances should be made; we have a large sea-board, and the Executive is really not strong; responsibility is so divided that it is crippled. Our people are jealous of interference and espionage. It is difficult to convict Walker or Henningsen of any overt acts against United States law.” This may be very true; but it is not the account which, in other matters, the United States give of themselves, or the character by which all over the world they wish to be known. In this very Message, the President announces, not without complacency, that he is diplomatizing and treaty-making with Persia and with Russia. To a little country like England he holds high, not to say haughty and scarcely conciliatory language. He says that the affairs of China are embarrassing; and even in Japan an American expedition has been heard of. He can compass sea and land to spread the fame of the United States, careless of their honour at home. Walker’s landing at Greytown is a commentary on the American influence and power, somewhat in the shape of an anti-climax:—

Under the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke.

“We,” as the President remarks in an edifying passage, “should call any Power on earth to the strictest account for not preventing such enormities.” He can make American citizenship a living power in China; but in the Nicaraguan waters he is really quite taken by surprise and caught in a nap by this trick of that funny dog Walker, who, not without a sense of the ludicrous, observed to Lieutenant Cilley, of the *Saratoga*, “he was an American citizen.” “*Civis Americanus sum*, and I have a right to rob, murder, and maraud—filibustering is my birthright—thieving and piracy are the privilege of my noble country. Just for the sake of appearances, to be sure, they held me to bail at New Orleans; but what of that? They meant nothing. Everybody knew that I was enlisting again for the Lone Star. Henningsen is already on the seas, and President Buchanan knows it, too. Now, Lieutenant Cilley, of the *Saratoga*, I shall order you off. We understand each other. You have done your duty in protesting; so has our good President. So up with the Lone Star!” *Exeunt ambo.*

THE NEW PICTURES AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

IN making a few critical remarks on the pictures lately added to the National Collection, we have no intention of interposing in the fray that is still raging between the officials of that Institution and their bitter assailants in the press. But this we may say—that even if we agreed heartily with the latter, we could not help standing aloof from them so long as the controversy is conducted on their side with an acrimony and a personality such as we seldom find except in theological quarrels. We would fain see a little courtesy and forbearance exercised in artistic disputes. Happily, the latest additions to the National Gallery afford but little occasion for complaint; and the most querulous objectors must give credit to the authorities of Trafalgar-square for good taste and judgment in their recent purchases.

The most important of the new acquisitions of the Gallery is the magnificent picture by Paolo Veronese, which so long belonged to the Pisani family at Venice. This is altogether a first-class work—far finer in every respect than the other much-debated specimen of this master, the “Adoration of the Magi,” bought two years ago. Indeed, except for size, the present picture is quite worthy to be compared with the famous “Marriage at Cana,” in the Tribune of the Louvre. And yet

the scale of the “Family of Darius at the Feet of Alexander” far exceeds ordinary proportions, for the canvas measures 15½ feet in length, by nearly 8 feet in height. The genius of the great Venetian scene-painter never had free scope within the usual limits of an easel picture. He required the whole side of a stately apartment for the proper display of the superb creations of his fancy—his grand architectural perspectives, his gorgeous groups, his crowded backgrounds, his *ensembles* of luxurious pomp and magnificence. All his best and most striking characteristics are exemplified in the fine picture just added to the National Collection; and the style and capabilities of this master may now be studied at home without the necessity of a journey to Paris or Venice. The subject of the painting is, as we have indicated, the captive mother, wife, and children of Darius presented to Alexander, after the battle of Issus. The story is told in *Curtius*, Lib. iii. cap. 12. On the left of the picture stand the Macedonian conqueror and his friend Hephæstion, in front of a group of mailed warriors and attendants. In the centre kneels the captive queen-mother—a noble, matronly figure—with her back half turned to the spectator; and, beyond her, is a venerable courtier presenting the party to the young monarch. The group is completed by the kneeling figures of the wife and daughters of Darius and a little son. On the right of the picture is a perspective of a palatial court, with the servants of the fallen royal family; and the whole background is fitted with an arcaded terrace of marble, from which numerous spectators look down on the scene below. So much for the general composition. The charm of the picture does not consist in its dramatic power or force of expression, and still less in the proprieties of costume or detail. It can scarcely be said to tell its tale. The tradition is—and doubtless it is a true one—that all the principal figures are portraits of the Pisani family. The painter, it is said, was detained by some accident in the Pisani villa, and, depositing this picture in his room, told his host, at his departure, that he had left behind him wherewithal to pay for his entertainment. This may well be doubted; but we need not hesitate to believe that it was in truth a family picture, such as the Vicar of Wakefield coveted. Venice is full of such compositions, and its noble families, unlike Goldsmith’s poor vicar, had rooms large enough to receive the ample canvas of a Veronese or Tintoretto. Queen Sisymbria is doubtless the Pisani matron of the time; the minister who introduces her may probably be her husband; and the two gallant young soldiers who stand for Alexander and Hephæstion may be well supposed to be her elder sons. The daughters and the youngest son kneel behind her. In fact, the picture is nothing but a *tableau vivant* of the proud patrician family. The two warrior friends indeed—most gracious and spirited figures—are clothed in armour of a conventional kind, intended perhaps in a vague way to be classical; but the rest of the party are habited in the picturesque costume of people of rank in that day. The ladies have put on their state dresses to sit for their portraits—the mother, a sweeping mantle of velvet; the daughters, all their ornaments—pearls braided in their hair, and chains and jewels over their bodiced bosoms. Mark the lifelike expressions of the young girls, in which you may read their several characters. The artist had not a thought of giving them the downcast, anxious look which would have befitted their captive condition; and we may be sure that the young beauty who sat for Statira would not have thanked him had he put her in mourning. It is impossible to describe the details of sumptuous display with which the whole canvas is crowded. We have mentioned the *mise en scène* of the chief group. The concomitants are in the same spirit. Nothing is omitted which could add to the festal magnificence of the pageant. Armed men, hounds and horses, pages and grooms, flashing helms and shields, on one side—on the other, tire-women and buxom servant-maids, with the ladies’ lap-dog, the bandy-legged dwarf, and a monkey sitting on a balustrade—in the distance, arches and obelisks, with varied and courtly groups. Add to all the beautiful perspective, the noble drawing, and the bold, free colouring—brighter and less touched perhaps than in any other work of the master—and you may form an idea of the surpassing excellence of this typical picture. There is only one conspicuous fault, and that is the stiff and exaggerated horse’s head on the extreme left. But this painting, to be properly seen, should be placed at a higher level than the miserable rooms of the National Gallery will allow.

The next picture that we shall notice is No. 292, the “Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,” by Antonio Pollajuolo. This artist, one of the Florentine school, and an early leader of the *naturalisti*, has been hitherto nearly unknown in England. In this picture, we have not only a fine specimen of his style, but his admitted *chef-d’œuvre*. It was painted in 1475 for the Pucci family, who placed it in the church of San Sebastiano dei Servi at Florence. From the present representative of that family it has now passed into the hands of the trustees of the National Gallery. Pollajuolo, like many other Florentine artists, was a sculptor, goldsmith, and engraver, before he was a painter. He assisted Ghiberti in modelling the central gates of the Baptistery of Florence. In later life he associated himself with a younger brother in painting, and achieved a conspicuous success. A large picture of St. Christopher, at San Miniato, no longer in existence, was frequently copied, as an anatomical study, by Michael Angelo. The present altarpiece is described by Vasari. It is painted on panel in tempera, and is 9 feet 6 inches in height, by 6 feet 7½ inches in width. In the middle is a beautiful nude

figure of St. Sebastian, tied by ropes to the stripped and lopped stump of a tree. Six archers are shooting at him with cross-bows, and there is a landscape background full of subsidiary groups and figures. The artist has the credit of being the first painter who studied anatomy by actual dissection; and the present work—a somewhat artificial composition—is a proof of his scientific skill. It is not on that account the more pleasing a picture. In fact, the anatomy is a little too prominent; not indeed in the saint's figure, which is most beautifully treated—a very model of manly beauty, without any exaggeration of posture or muscles. The attitude, however, is rather affected, and a little too graceful for the horrid realities of the martyrdom thus realistically represented. The body is somewhat curved, and the head is looking slightly upwards, with an expression of courage and endurance rather than of pain. It is a portrait, we are told, of Gino Capponi. Although the body is already pierced with several arrows, there is no writhing or contortion, and merely a few drops of trickling blood from each wound. This is somewhat unnatural, perhaps; but it shows the religious feeling of the painter, and it affords a fine artistic contrast with the violent action of the executioners. We confess we wish these archers away. They are absurdly near the martyr's gibbet—indeed the points of their bolts all but touch his flesh. These figures, in fact, are nothing more than academic *tours de force*—six ruffians drawn in masterly foreshortened attitudes of muscular action, preparing, bending, aiming, and letting fly their crossbows. The painting is in magnificent preservation, and seems to have been very little touched. The background seems to be admirable; but the picture is so hung that we could hardly see it. It shows a distant country, with a winding river, a neighbouring town, ruins, and spirited groups of figures and horsemen. It is a most important addition to the collection.

The next picture to be noticed is (No. 293.) a kind of *conversazione*, by Filippino Lippi, the son of the unfaithful friar Filippo. This is an altarpiece complete, with its original predella. It was painted, as Vasari tells, about 1490, for the Rucellai chapel at Florence, and, like the last mentioned picture, it has just been purchased from the present representative of that old Florentine family. It is on panel, in tempera, and measures, without the narrow predella, 6 feet 9 inches in height by 6 feet 1 inch in width. The colouring is warm and in fine preservation; and in spite of the advancing naturalism of the time, there is much religious feeling in the composition. In the middle is seated the Virgin Mother holding the Divine Infant. Her countenance is pale and thin, and worn with anxiety, but bears a very sweet and tender expression. The child is lifelike and natural, but wholly fails in respect of dignity. There is nothing of the veiled Godhead which Raffaele could sometimes manage to express in the guise of perfect childlike beauty. On the left hand kneels St. Dominic with his eyes intent on a book. He has a mortified, anxious look, with a certain narrowness of head, very unlike the ideal type given him by Angelico of Fiesole, the beatified painter of his Order. St. Jerome, on the right hand, is kneeling with clasped hands and in earnest contemplation of the Holy Child. His face is eminently unintellectual, which is absurd, when we consider the literary labours of this great doctor. He is like an emaciated old labourer, with long loose hair, and beard of snowy whiteness. The background is a very pretty landscape, with rocks, hills, and distant country, treated without much attempt at aerial perspective. The predella is miserably poor—in the middle, St. Joseph of Arimathea holding the dead body of our Lord, and on either side the Magdalen and St. Francis of Assisi. This again is a very valuable painting in respect of the chronological development of art.

The last of the new acquisitions of the present season is a little Teutonic picture, purchased at the late sale at Alton Towers. The Gallery had previously no specimen of the style of Lucas Cranach, and it could scarcely have a more pleasing one than this little portrait. It represents, in half-length, a young German girl, with braided hair and crossed arms, dressed richly in red velvet, with slashed and puffed sleeves, white gloves slashed for rings, and costly jewels. It is very carefully painted, and is altogether quite a gem of its school.

The National Collection is rapidly growing in value and importance. Some time ago it was enriched by some fine specimens of the earlier German schools. Of late it has received additions of examples of the still more interesting schools of Italy. Among these it may boast of a Perugino, to which few Continental Galleries present a rival; and in the Tacconi (No. 286), the Giovanni Bellini (No. 280), the Vivarini (No. 284), the Basaiti (No. 281), and the Dai Libri (No. 285), we have instructive and often beautiful examples of the style and colouring of Cremona and Venice. How long such treasures of art are to be condemned to the sordid prison-house which now contains them, we know not. The National Gallery is nothing short of a national disgrace; and unless something is soon done for the better accommodation and display of the Collection, people will be ready to welcome even its transference to the well-lighted Brompton Galleries as a change for the better. As it is, the limited area forbids any attempt at chronological arrangement; and there is not even space for the pictures we already possess. In consequence of the late additions which we have described, several pictures have been displaced, and buried in the entrance hall. Some of these might perhaps be spared; but we protest, on more grounds than one, against the indignity offered to a living

benefactor to the Collection, in placing the two characteristic works by Taddeo Gaddi—which we owe to his liberality—in positions over the staircase where it is impossible, even on a bright day, to make them out. The whole condition of the Gallery, indeed, is becoming so unbearable that something must before long be done for its amelioration.

REVIEWS.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WRITING as we do at the commencement of a New Year, we cannot choose but give the precedence in our monthly notice of books to the great work of the season, the fashionable *Etrene*, which we may fairly conjecture found its way yesterday to the table of every *salon* of "distinction" in the French capital. Its authors are two in number—Jules Janin holding the pen, and Gavarni the pencil. In this, as in many other respects, the *Symphonies de l'Hiver** may be considered a companion volume to the *Petits Bonheurs*, to which we called the attention of our readers last January. We know not whether, among the numerous readers of the *Symphonies*, M. Jules Janin will himself be one; but if so, we can conceive him exclaiming with Sosie, as he lays the book down, "Peste! on prend mon esprit toutes ses gentillesces!" A course of Janin is essential to any one who wishes to see of what the French language is capable. In his hands it has acquired a flexibility and rhythmical power which we should *a priori* have pronounced to be foreign to its genius. His *Ars Poetica*, as it were—for poetry it is, not prose, that flows from his pen—is summed-up in the following passage, which we quote from a work he published some six years ago:—"A faire un livre, je l'avoue, il faut que je trouve mon compte, à savoir, la peine et le travail, la cadence et la recherche. Il me faut le tour, le détour, et le contour. La singularité me convient, la subtilité ne me déplaît pas; l'excès est un écueil, un bel écueil. . . C'est le droit de l'écrivain, qui ne cherche qu'à plaire un instant, de chercher avant tout la forme, le son, le bruit, la couleur, l'ornement, la prodigalité, l'excès." The volume before us is one of the most brilliant exemplifications of the qualities here enumerated that M. Jules Janin has produced. It is almost as difficult to characterize its contents as to put into set words the sentiments awakened by one of Beethoven's symphonies, or to take down in shorthand "what the wild waves say." *Après* Beethoven, one of the most charming *morceaux* in the volume bears the name of the "Roi des Symphonistes," and relates (of course *à la Janin*) what took place at Bonn in the year 1845, on the occasion of the great festival in inauguration of Beethoven's statue. M. Janin's printers make sad havoc of German names. With all his archaeological lore, Professor Welcker will have some difficulty in deciphering his name under the disguise of Welher; and Professor Lassen, it would seem, has a rival in Sanscrit erudition at the same University in the person of Herr Lanen. We pass over other blunders equally ludicrous. We invite the reader's special attention to the two *Symphonies*, entitled "Au Mariage," and "À Madame de Pompadour." The former contains a delicious tale about a half-blind old priest in South America, who commits the awkward mistake of marrying the wrong couples; while the latter may be said to form a supplementary chapter of the Abbé Prévost's famous story of *Manon Lescaut*. Then, again, what a brilliant creation of fancy is the strange rhapsody on the fabled *Tarentule*! and what a bright, gay panorama that series of scenes and adventures in the shop of Madame Prévost, the *bouquetière* of the Palais Royal. Even railroads, the most prosaic feature of modern civilization, furnish the theme of page upon page of the sweetest poetic effusion in the hands of M. Janin. The writer is sensible of the difficulties of his subject:—"Ils ont fait de la fontaine de Castalie un réservoir sur le Chemin du Nord! Ils ont préposé les neuf Muses à la distribution des tickets; ils ont tant fait qu'Apollon le berger d'Admète est devenu fabricant de machines. Eh bien! faisons comme tout le monde, entrons dans la bifurcation du célèbre M. Fortoul, appelons la manufacture à notre aide, et tâchons de comprendre enfin dans ses moindres détours le grand évangile, la grande révélation, l'évangile et la révélation de la vapeur." (p. 231.) We turn with reluctance from the text to the illustrations. These consist of a series of figures emblematical of every kind of music. That of classical music has obviously been suggested by the well-known statue of Polyhymnia in the Louvre; but Gavarni shows a strange misconception of Greek art in giving to *la Musique Classique* a thoroughly modern face—a face, that is, full of expression; while, on the other hand, the head of the female figure in the *Musique des Montagnards* is thoroughly Greek. Perhaps it is scarcely worth mentioning—but every one, we think, will be struck with the little incongruity—that, with one or two exceptions, all the illustrations of the *Symphonies de l'Hiver* have for a background the most luxuriant vegetation. On the whole, these illustrations are inferior to those of the *Petits Bonheurs*, though no one can fail to detect Gavarni's master touch in the *Musique des Oiseaux* and the *Musique des Saltimbanques*. M. Janin need not be apprehensive lest it should

* *Les Symphonies de l'Hiver*. Par M. Jules Janin. Illustrations de Gavarni. Paris: Morizot. London: Jeffs. 1858.

be said of him, as Grimm said of Dorat's illustrated fables—"Il s'est sauvé du naufrage par les planches."

We have the satisfaction of announcing new and considerably enlarged editions of two of M. Cousin's most entertaining volumes. It may safely be asserted that the year 1842, when the *Etudes sur Pascal** were first published, was the commencement of a totally new era in the history of that illustrious writer. The labours of Faugère and Havet—of whose edition of the *Pensées* we needed not M. Cousin's assurance that it was the best extant—have since popularized the results at which M. Cousin's arduous researches had so unexpectedly arrived. Most of our readers have probably heard of the way in which Port-Royal has thus been convicted of the most scandalous tampering with the manuscript of the *Pensées*. The only extraordinary thing is, that no one should have thought of comparing that manuscript with the Port-Royal and other early editions. This comparison has been instituted by M. Cousin in the volume before us, which clearly proves that, nearly two hundred years after the first publication, the *editio princeps* had yet to be executed. MM. Faugère and Havet responded, as we have seen, to the appeal; but this does not impair the interest of M. Cousin's *Etudes*, for not only do they enable us, under the three heads of *Pensées qui ne sont pas dans le manuscrit*, *Pensées altérées*, *Pensées nouvelles*, to follow, line upon line, the impudent mutilations, additions, and alterations to which Port-Royal had subjected the text, but they also put us on the scent of the true motive by which the editors had been prompted to acts of such flagrant dishonesty. That Pascal was a thorough-going sceptic, clinging with a desperate clutch on faith, in despair of obtaining even the faintest hold on reason and philosophy, is a fact which the great chief of Eclecticism has established beyond the possibility of dispute, in the two remarkable prefaces to the volume before us. To one passage in the second of these prefaces we invite the reader's special attention—we mean that commencing (p. 96) "Depuis les premiers jours des sociétés humaines," and ending "un Marc-Aurèle." It contains a kind of *resumé* of the ethical and religious tenets of classical antiquity; and the gist of it is to reprove the railers against reason for their sceptical mistrust of an instrument which had done so great things for man under the uncovenanted dispensation of natural religion. The second of M. Cousin's volumes we must dismiss more briefly. It is entitled *Fragments et Souvenirs*†, and opens with a most interesting account of Kant in the last years of his life. This is followed by a series of *notes de voyage*, containing details of interviews which the young Professor at Sorbonne had with the leading exponents of German philosophy in 1817. Then we have a biographical notice—largely interspersed with correspondence—of Santa Rosa, the hero of the Piedmontese revolution of 1821, who was killed in 1825, in defending the island of Sphacteria against the Egyptian army. But to our mind the gem of the volume is the essay on Rousseau's style. Nothing can be more instructive than the manner in which M. Cousin confronts Rousseau's manuscripts with his printed works, showing, as he does, from corrections and erasures, by what successive steps Rousseau brought his style to perfection.

M. le Vicomte de Bastard D'Estang has given us two bulky volumes on the Parliaments of France.‡ Such a work was certainly a desideratum in French literature; but as far as we have yet read—for the work is only just out—we think it may be doubted whether that desideratum is here supplied. The author is descended from a very ancient and illustrious family of Languedoc; and the reflection sometimes forces itself upon the reader, that the Parliaments of France are more the pretext than the real object of the work—this being the glorification of the writer's ancestors. Will it be believed that M. de Bastard upholds the justice of the sentence on the *famille Calas*, of which it is one of Voltaire's greatest glories—we inquire not into his motives—to have obtained the reversal. By an oversight which is certainly curious, the author omits to inform us that the judges who murdered Calas père were not unanimous—in fact, he asserts the contrary. This gross partiality for the honour of the *Parlement de Toulouse* gives us, we confess, but a poor opinion of the writer's qualifications as an historian. It must be allowed that he has grouped together a number of useful details on the usages and organization of the *Parlements de France* to which the reader will not elsewhere readily gain access. The best part of the work is the account, in the second volume, of the proceedings which led to the expulsion of the Jesuits. The author was here kept in equilibrium by the fact that, while one of his ancestors did all he could to compass that expulsion, another was no less ardent in averting it. He leaves it to others to say whether the present reaction in favour of the Jesuits affords any means of judging which of his ancestors was in the right.

The first two volumes of an historical work of a far higher order have just been published by M. Ferrari. They are entitled *Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie, ou Guelfes et Gibelins*.§ It is

* *Etudes sur Pascal*. Par M. Victor Cousin. Cinquième Edition, revue et augmentée. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Fragments et Souvenirs*. Par M. Victor Cousin. Troisième Edition, considérablement augmentée. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *Les Parlements de France*. Essai Historique sur leurs Usages, leur Organisation, et leur Autorité. Par M. le Vicomte de Bastard-D'Estang, Conseiller à la Cour Impériale de Paris. 2 vols. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

§ *Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie, ou Guelfes et Gibelins*. Par J. Ferrari. Tomes i. ii. Paris: Didier. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

evident from the opening pages—and this first impression is amply corroborated by the sequel—that it is not for nothing that M. Ferrari has held such close communings with the great Italian philosopher Vico, of whom he is the ablest editor, biographer, and commentator. The key to the whole work is contained in the second title—*Guelfes et Gibelins*. It is in the antagonism of the two principles, papal and imperial, theocratic and civil, that M. Ferrari finds as it were a kind of historical formula (mark the disciple of Vico) which enables him to unravel the intricate perplexities which embarrass at every step the student of Italian history, and which Sismondi, with all his painstaking and sagacity, has left pretty much where he found them. The work is conceived in a most philosophical spirit, and written with an animation which never allows the reader's interest to flag. A very curious chapter, entitled "Méthode à Suivre," at the opening of the third Part (vol. i. p. 262), gives, à la Vico, the "histoire idéale de la ville Italienne." It is a kind of skeleton, which the author proposes to clothe with the flesh and muscles of living facts. The insight thus afforded into the inner framework of the narrative is of great use in assisting the reader to understand the phenomena which pass before his view. The work deserves a full analysis. It would probably be found that M. Ferrari rides his hobby rather hard, and is led by the very conception of an historical formula to look with undue favour on fatalist views of history. On the whole, however, no one can deny that the ten years of close study which he has given to the composition of these volumes—which bring down the history of Italy to the year 1280—have borne fruit which will not soon decay.

Paulo minor. M. Laboulaye—who, by the way, has recently resigned his Professorship of Legislation at the Collège de France, from which we suppose we must infer that the redaction of the *Débats* is considered incompatible with functions at the Imperial College—has collected, under the head of *Souvenirs d'un Voyageur*,* a series of exquisite tales, which originally appeared in the *feuilleton* of the *Journal des Débats*. They will be read with delight by a far larger number of readers than that to which they were first addressed. We find it hard to persuade ourselves that the narratives which the *Voyageur* has put together, from souvenirs of Italy and Germany, are not literally true, instead of being mere *nouvelles*, the creations of an elegant mind and kindly nature—so simple and truthful is the calm pathos which warms up every page. In the "Jasmin de Figline," for example, it is difficult to believe that the old Chanoine who announces as a great secret, with closed doors, that on the previous night he has made out three Etruscan words (all wrong), is not a daguerreotype, instead of being an artist's study. The fairy tale called the "Château de la Vie" is one of the best of its kind that we have ever read. In "Don Ottavio" the description of the performance of *Don Giovanni* at Wiesbaden, should be compared with Hoffmann's famous passage on the same subject. We extract from this *nouvelle*, the last in the volume, a short passage which may serve as a specimen of the quaint sort of humour which runs through the volume:—"Engager la conversation avec un Allemand n'est pas chose difficile; il a deux côtés faibles: la nature et la tabac. Offrez-lui un cigare ou parlez-lui du soleil, des eaux, et des montagnes, vous entrez dans son cœur par ses vices ou ses vertus. J'ai le malheur de ne pas fumer, mais il me restait le ciel. *Wunderschön* (c'est admirablement beau) m'écriai-je en lui montrant les près, tout coupés d'arbres qui resplendissaient de verdure; *wunderschön* est en Allemand ce que *goddam* est en anglais, si l'on en croit Figaro, c'est la clef de toute la langue."

M. Charles Blanc, sometime Directeur des Beaux Arts, and now editor of the well-known collection of the *Histoire des Peintres*, has published, on his return from Venice, his *notes de voyage*,† just as he found them jotted down in his note-book, and, we should add, his sketch-book, for the volume before us is interspersed with some admirable illustrations. We say, just as he found them jotted down, for no sort of attempt is made to work them up into a book. The reader and the student of art are gainers by the *deshabille* in which M. Blanc gives us his reflections. For we have his impressions of works of art—the subject of almost all his notes—fresh from his mind, just as they were formed on the spot. Even were it otherwise, a writer who has devoted so much labour to the history and study of art must always be worth attending to, whatever be the shape in which he serves up his remarks. M. C. Blanc seldom misses an opportunity of quizzing English tourists. Witness the following:—"Murray est le tyran des touristes Anglais. Aucun d'eux ne se permettrait d'éprouver une sensation, si elle n'est pas prévue dans le *Guide*. Murray a imprimé d'avance toutes les impressions qu'il est convenable de ressentir. On dit que chacun prend son plaisir où il le trouve: les Anglais prennent leur plaisir là où Murray l'a trouvé." This is very innocent banter. Any one who has travelled the same route as M. Blanc—Strasbourg, Bâle, Lugano, Milan, Verona, Mantua, Venice, and Padua—will probably be glad to have his recollections of churches, pictures, and statues freshened up by the perusal of this instructive and withal amusing book.

Although Alphonse Karr's *Hortense* and *Feu Bressier* are any-

* *Souvenirs d'un Voyageur*. Nouvelles par Edouard Laboulaye, de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette (Railway Library). London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *De Paris à Venise*. Notes au Crayon, par M. Charles Blanc. Paris: Hachette. London: Jeffs. 1858.

thing but new tales, many of our readers may like to know that they have been reprinted in Hachette's *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*.^{*} We commend p. 45 *et seq.* of *Hortense* to those who have the courage to entertain an affection for bad puns—those pariahs of human speech. *Feu Bressier* is a most extravagant caprice of *Karrish* fancy. The soul of the departed Bressier is represented as floating about in the air and assisting at the various scenes and events of the story, which is itself a most wild creation.

We may state, in conclusion, as the latest literary novelty, that the first volume of the *Dictionnaire historique de la Langue Française*, at which the Academy has been at work for so many years, will soon be published, with a preface by M. Patin. The literary world will look forward to this first issue of a long-expected work with an interest which, we fear, will be somewhat damped when they learn that the volume in question, though numbering some four hundred pages, will contain no more than the fortieth part of the letter A! Surprise, however, will vanish when we add that the history of each word—as the title, in fact, implies—is to be traced down from the earliest to the present times with a fulness hitherto unequalled in the annals of lexicography.

POSITIVE PHILOSOPHY ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.†

MR. CONGREVE has published a pamphlet on *India* very much like his *Gibraltar*. He comes forward to speak on the great question of the day as the representative of M. Comte's opinions in this country. The time for proclaiming the doctrines of Positivism has arrived, and he "may not decline the perilous honour of the vanguard." The aim of Positivism, viewed as a political philosophy, is "to subordinate politics to morals—in other words, to test political action and speculation by moral considerations." If this is all, we cannot think that the honour of the vanguard will be found very perilous, or that Mr. Congreve has much cause to disclaim all wish to guard himself against the resentment of a bigoted world, and cry *il faut payer de sa personne*. A bigoted world is, in fact, much more tolerant, nay fond, of novel and even eccentric opinions than Mr. Congreve, who views English society rather critically than sympathetically, may imagine. But if Positivism limited itself to the enunciation of the principle that the laws of morality ought to be observed in politics, even the most "anarchical civilization" would be more likely to complain of the truism than of the innovation.

However, if the general principle is not very startling, the application, we must own, makes amends. After assuming that the reconquest of India, not the suppression of a mutiny among the Sepoys, is the question now before us,—after laying it down that a contest in which the fortitude and heroism of our countrymen have been the admiration of the world, "has every repulsive feature, none of the palliations that ordinarily attend on war," and applying to the exploits of Wilson and Havelock the line *bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos*—after rebuking our ferocious desire of retaliation, and insinuating (without that reference to facts which we venture to think the spirit of any philosophy requires) that Hindoo women and children have received at the hands of our countrymen treatment deserving the same punishment as the atrocities of the Sepoys—Mr. Congreve proceeds to state the policy which he thinks it the duty of England to adopt towards India. "This policy," he says, "is simple in the extreme. It is that we withdraw from our occupation of India without any unnecessary delay, within the shortest period compatible with due arrangements for the security of European life and property, and with such measures as shall be deemed advisable in the interest of Indian independence and good government." The relations of Western Europe and India are to be settled by a Commission, like that which has just given such general satisfaction in the settlement of the Danubian Principalities. It is to consist of one commissioner apiece from England, France, Portugal, and Denmark (the three last-mentioned States having, like ourselves, Indian settlements, the magnitude of which, compared with our empire, is not thought worth consideration)—one from Sardinia as the representative of what, in the formal ethnography of Positivism, which cannot chip the shell of the Roman Empire, is called the "fifth great nationality," the Italian—of the Sultan of Turkey, who is assumed to be the natural head not only of Western Islamism, but of the Empire of Timur—and of an eminent Brahmin who, we presume, will be charged with the interests not only of his own, but of the lower castes, and perhaps also of the Sikhs and the Parsees, not to mention Bheels and Santals. Nothing is said about Russia or about the Afghans—their unaggressive intentions must be supposed to be assumed. A distant view is opened of a future Protectorate of Western Europe, but it is not dwelt on now because it might awaken national susceptibilities among those who have quietly submitted to the "Protectorate" of the Mogul Emperors, the Mahrattas, and the Sultans of Mysore. What the "good government" of "independent" India is to be—how Mahomedans, Hindoos, Sikhs, Santals, Bheels, with the various plundering interests of an old and very miscellaneous Alsatia of nations, are to be ruled and

reconciled in the interval between our evacuation and the advent of the Western Protectorate—Mr. Congreve leaves it entirely to the Frenchman and the Brahmin, and the rest of the commissioners, to determine. One cannot but fear that the Western Protectorate, on looking in some twenty years hence, may find nothing left to protect but the tip of Scindiah's or Jung Bahadoor's tail.

Mr. Congreve speaks, as we have said, as the representative of M. Comte's opinions in this country; but we should have thought that position would have been more justly claimed by Miss Martineau. She has been the great promulgator of the Comtist philosophy among us, and she certainly would be no more inclined than Mr. Congreve to shrink from "the perilous honour of the vanguard." Now she, too, has brought out a book on India. A very nice little book it is, though it deals rather too much in wonderment that men turned out as they did, and that events were what they were—as though it were always open to destiny to bolt, as it were, in the midst of history, and have no future at all. And what is Miss Martineau's view of the matter? Just the reverse of Mr. Congreve's. Mr. Congreve considers all our acquisitions in India, including even the conquest of the Punjab in strictly defensive war, as mere robberies, which morality requires us immediately to restore. He considers our rule as purely prejudicial to the country, and seems to regard that "ancient polytheistic organization," both in its political and religious aspect, with respect, compared with the "anarchical civilization" which we are attempting to introduce. Nothing can be more sweeping or unmitigated than his condemnation of our Indian empire in every point of view—moral, religious, social, military, and commercial. Nothing, as we have seen, can be more peremptory than his injunction to abandon it without the least delay. Miss Martineau, without defending every act of Englishmen or of the English Government in India, or overrating the goodness of our moral title, treats our conquests, on the whole, as a natural series of events, glorious to us and beneficial to the natives. She justifies even the Burmese war, and (in the absence of any further evidence on the other side) the annexation of Oude. In regard to the Burmese war she strongly repels the imputation of "rapacity." And the annexation of Oude, she says, was done "without bloodshed, without apparent resistance, and evidently to the prodigious relief of the people." The recent condition of Oude under its native kings, she thinks, is "as fair a warning as we could have of what must become of India, in the most peaceful times, if our civilizing and dispassionate rule were withdrawn." Of the Government of India, she says, "that it remains one of the finest specimens—all the difficulties considered—of human government that the world has seen." "As to the beneficent operation of our rule on the fortunes of a hundred millions of natives, there can be no question. The doubt is, not of the blessing of our rule to the natives, but whether it might not have been greater to ourselves." So here we have the two principal representatives of Positivism in England directly at issue, historically, morally, socially, and politically—and as Miss Martineau evidently thinks Christianity, arrived at through the medium of education, would be a good thing for the Hindoos, we may add religiously—respecting the first great practical question to which the principles of the school are applied. The discrepancy is not the less significant because Miss Martineau's book is a historical sketch, not a pamphlet, and she for the most part rather quietly assumes than asserts that which her fellow-Positivist so vehemently denies. Is this the unity of irresistible conviction on all moral and social subjects which Positivism led us to expect, after the blindness of the theological and the "anarchy" of the metaphysical era? One might as well judge of political actions for oneself by the old rules of justice and expediency. How is it possible to believe, in face of such disagreements in his school as this, that M. Comte, whatever his merits as a thinker may have been in his saner hours, gave the world any key to the solution of questions of political and social morality, which it has not possessed since we were taught to do unto others as we would they should do unto us.

If we might presume to say which of the two views was most in accordance with Positivism, we should say decidedly that of Miss Martineau. The Indian empire seems to us to be just one of those great historical facts which it is the greatest merit of Positivism to teach the world to accept and make the best of. M. Comte himself, it appears, dissuaded the publication of *India*, when he sanctioned the publication of *Gibraltar*; and we can hardly think that the opinion of the philosopher on the subject would have been changed by what he would have seen to be a mutiny in the Bengal army, though Mr. Congreve, catching at the expression *rebel districts*, in an article in the *Times*, chooses to represent it as a general rising of the people of India against a hated yoke, like the rising of Hungary against Austria, or of Poland against Russia. Whether it was wise in our fathers to acquire territory and political power in India instead of continuing merely to trade with it, and whether we are real gainers in power or wealth by what they did, is no doubt an intricate question. But they acted in the spirit of their time, which, according to all Positive doctrine, is an historical justification. The spirit of unscrupulous aggrandizement was still abroad in all nations, and breaking out in conquests of Silesia and partitions of Poland. If France was not conquering, it was only because she was weak. She tried to commit burglary on Prussia, but found a Frederic in the house. Not a century before, "isolated, unsympathising, and selfish" England had saved Europe from the claws of Louis Quatorze, who, again, had barely escaped the claws of Spain

^{*} *Hortense*. *Feu Bressier*. Romans, par Alphonse Karr. Paris: Hachette (Railway Library). London: Jeffs. 1856.

[†] *India*. By Richard Congreve. London: John Chapman. 1857.
British Rule in India. A Historical Sketch. By Harriet Martineau. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

—and so backwards to the primitive robber ages of the world. It was a mere struggle for the political carcass of Hindostan between us and the French, who had commenced under Duplex the very career of territorial aggrandizement which we have run, and who, if they had been successful, would, in those days of monopoly, have excluded our commerce from India as well as our arms. Russia has continued those "operations" in Northern and Central Asia which in *Gibraltar* Mr. Congreve designated as "her proper work." France has seized Algeria, about which Mr. Congreve says nothing—perhaps because its evacuation was not recommended by M. Comte. Once established, our dominion could not help growing, not only by virtue of its strength, against which one despot and horde after another hurled and broke themselves, but also as a power of order in the midst of that vast anarchy, or rather, multitude of ephemeral tyrannies—that "great and deplorable confusion" which Mr. Congreve, with all his respect for the "ancient polytheistic organization," is compelled to own followed the break-up of the Mogul empire. To persist in talking of "the seizure of India" is to ignore the gradual character of our acquisitions, on which the decision of the moral question principally turns. We recommend Mr. Congreve to read the history of our conquests backwards, beginning with that of the Punjab; perhaps that process will somewhat modify his present notion, which is evidently that of a sudden, deliberate, unprovoked, and complete seizure of the territories of a single independent nation. Mr. Congreve knows we are not the first conquerors of India. Indian society, in fact, consists of a number of strata, as it were, of conquest, superposed one on another. The lower castes were probably, in their origin, a primitive race conquered by the higher castes; and there appear to be remains of still more aboriginal possessors of the soil. Why is the last deposit of this geological series alone to be removed in favour of the last deposit but one? Why is not India to be restored to the Bheels and the Santals? Besides, it must be remembered that we have acquired a title to India of another kind, by rescuing it during our possession from other, and far worse, conquerors. It is ours not only by conquest but by preservation. Had we not been there, the Sultans of Mysore, the Mahrattas, the Sikhs, would have been plundering and harrying the "ancient polytheistic organization" from Cape Comorin to Lahore. Mr. Congreve cannot condemn all conquest, for his type of political excellence is the Roman empire—a type to which our Indian empire is so near an approach that Mr. Newman has called upon us to reorganize it as a Roman province in the same peremptory style in which Mr. Congreve calls on us to abandon it altogether. Our abandonment would simply revive the title (which Mr. Congreve's commission would have no right to supersede,) of a satrap, or a number of satraps, of the *funieant* Mogul; and a worse than the Goth would take the place of those who are at least as good as Romans.

Mr. Congreve gains some advantage by contrasting our high-handed conduct towards the barbarians of Hindostan with our exaction of the strict observance of international law from nations quite as barbarous, such as the Chinese. But this, at most, is an *argumentum ad hominem*, which cannot settle the practical question. The expressions used about "Providence" having given India into our hands, and our being therefore bound to keep it, are sometimes nauseous and profligate enough, and might almost as well be used by a thief to justify his keeping your spoons; but the rational moral to be drawn perhaps is, not that we should leave India a prey to the Mahomedans and Sikhs, but that people should leave off canting. Besides, many of those who talk in this way mean rather to acknowledge a religious duty towards our empire, than to allege a supernatural title. The phrase "trusteeship" may, as Mr. Congreve says, be a new invention; but the idea is to be found in the language and conduct of every conscientious Englishman who has taken part in governing Hindostan, or legislating on the subject of India. It is not very philosophical, when you have a great practical question before you, to be dwelling too much on phrases. Can Mr. Congreve imagine that his rational opponents accept Lord Ellenborough's phrase, "We have stalked as conquerors," as a true expression of their feelings respecting our position in Hindostan? Everybody knows that Lord Ellenborough, with good abilities and great knowledge of India, is sadly given to talking fustian. He has very recently been talking some more fustian about "Normans and Saxons." But thisrodomontade would not practically influence his own conduct, much less that of the nation.

Mr. Congreve says we must not be judges in our own cause, but allow some disinterested arbitrator to decide whether we ought to retain India or not. Let him propose to his favourite France, and to Russia, to submit the case of their respective acquisitions to foreign arbitration, and we may safely undertake to be bound by the answer. But the enlightened opinion of Europe is an arbitrator, not impartial, but adverse to us; and the enlightened opinion of Europe is in favour of our keeping India. Is not the writer in the *Deux Mondes*, whom we quoted some time since, as fair a judge as Mr. Congreve? Mr. Congreve is not a fair judge. Rightly or wrongly, he hates English civilization; and any one can perceive that it is the fear of seeing English civilization introduced into India, quite as much as any dislike of conquest on the part of the panegyrist of Cæsar and the Roman Empire, that moves him to denounce the retention of our conquests. He would hold different language if England were still the England of Cromwell—an epoch and a hero strangely chosen by one who is severe

upon our national pride. He would hold different language, perhaps, even if for our civilization were substituted that which has just been illustrated by the Jeufosse trial, and which counts Fould and Morny among its rulers, and Eugène Sue among its teachers of social morality. He is quite out of sympathy—we venture, with sincere respect for his moral earnestness and for his talents, to say morbidly out of sympathy—with English society. We do not want a stronger proof of this than the solemn and elaborate appeal with which his pamphlet concludes, from the judgment of educated men to that of women and working men. "The best subjects for my sciences," said a quack mesmerist, "are persons with prominent eyes and a vacant expression of countenance." The sympathies of the softer sex are relied on for appreciating in *suttee* "the true instinct, perverted in its mode of expression, which would make the marriage union triumph over death." Perhaps infanticide might be commended to maternal feelings by some similar spiritualization. Some barbarians take their horses and dogs with them into the next world as well as their wives, and thus make the equine and canine union triumph over death. It would be uncomplimentary to say what the quality is in working men on which Mr. Congreve relies for confounding the case of Hungary and Italy with that of Hindostan. He says he has ceased to be revolutionary; but we cannot imagine anything more revolutionary than an appeal, of a pretty stimulating kind, to the lower classes to take the settlement of the most difficult of all political questions, out of the hands of the upper. The normal state of working men, according to M. Comte, should, if we remember rightly, be a *heureuse insouciance* about political philosophy. Mr. Congreve, of course, both in this appeal and what seems to us the equally revolutionary appeal to ladies to give their husbands certain lectures about the Indian question, justifies himself by the superior moral instincts of those who are appealed to. But Mr. Buckle, another Positivist, will tell him that it is through the intellectual, not through the moral nature of man, that the great advances of humanity are made. We have always thought that the Positivists enormously exaggerated the social value of science and education; but in Mr. Congreve Positivism suddenly turns round and stares us in the face with an exaggeration of an exactly opposite kind. No Jesuit, seeking to crenitine humanity for pious purposes, could more openly solicit the feelings to rise against the intellect of man. Heaven forbid we should desire to enforce on Mr. Congreve, or any other man, the tyranny of patriotism, or to forbid the plain denunciation of national errors or crimes. Let us have perfectly open councils, by all means. But when a man is thoroughly dissatisfied with his country, he ought to put that fact very strongly before himself and those whom he addresses, in discussing the question whether the influence of his country abroad shall be extended or diminished. It is only against *English* aggrandizement that Mr. Congreve's discourses are directed. He may say this is done in a spirit of *self-sacrifice* and *self-reform*, but in saying so he would be partly the victim of an illusion. "As an Englishman," he says, "I cannot but take interest in the manifestations of English feeling." That fervid orator, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, we believe, once said, in a speech at a public meeting, that "he had a great predilection for the Church." To the England of Milton and Cromwell, with its *Civis Romanus sum*—the very heyday of our odious national pride—the author of *Gibraltar* is, as we have said before, strangely complimentary; but one may praise the past to any extent without violating Mr. Tilney's admonition to a young orator, never to praise any one except to the disparagement of some one else.

May we, without offence, ask Mr. Congreve to consider whether he does any good by writing these pamphlets? His practical ability is well known to all who were with him at Oxford, and his active usefulness there is gratefully remembered by many. His strong moral qualities, and desire to do good to his kind, are evident, even in what seem to us his wildest aberrations. His literary capacity has been proved by his recent edition of Aristotle's *Ethics*. But we fear he is only wasting himself when he calls upon the nation to abandon its great moral stronghold in one pamphlet, and its Eastern empire in another. The last pamphlet is one of thirty-five pages, part of which space is occupied with what, to those who are unacquainted with a very novel school of philosophy, must seem an almost insane attack on the national religion; and both are written, however unintentionally, in a style calculated to irritate to the last degree those whom it should be the author's object to win by gentle means to the reception of what he must know to be most startling doctrines and most unwelcome propositions. It is the same in all Mr. Congreve writes on social subjects. If he wants society to swallow a bitter pill, he begins by giving it a smart slap in the face. He has not yet written any considerable work on social philosophy, though we dare say he has it in him, with patience and calmness, to do so. The philosophy in the name of which he assumes to speak is not yet widely diffused, much less generally accepted, and can lend him no authority whatever. The world is ready to be instructed or amused by any one; but it does not care to be advised, much less dictated to, by any but great names. A philosopher who expects that he shall get Gibraltar relinquished and India evacuated by a few stinging words in a half-crown pamphlet, might as well expect to move Stonehenge with tweezers, or effect a breach in the great Redan with a cannonade of batter-pudding. To proportion means to ends ought to be the rule of all philosophy, and especially of that which assumes to be the most practical philosophy of all.

BIOGRAPHY OF BÉRANGER.*

AN unbounded popularity of forty years has made Béranger's career public property. The greater part of his life was quiet and uneventful. There was nothing exclusive in his character, or mysterious in the circumstances which surrounded him. Yet a reasonable curiosity always attaches to the autobiography of a man of genius. His own view of himself throws some light on his character, although he may add little to the stock of materials for his external history. The ambitious title of Béranger's posthumous memoir will probably occasion some disappointment. The *Biography* is a short narrative terminating with 1833, and written in 1840. The occurrences of the poet's active career are either slightly noticed or passed over in silence; but the sketch of his earlier years is comparatively full and distinct. In common with all his works, it is carefully composed, and its tone exactly harmonizes with the impression which the story is intended to produce. The careful simplicity of the style fitly represents the character which Béranger received as a natural endowment, and afterwards elaborated into an ideal type. He loved to describe his own tolerant acuteness and prudent laxity. He was proud of his benevolence and of his homely tact; and he scarcely conceals his irritation when there is any want of deference to his untaught sagacity. The good old hearty song-writer, sprung from the dregs of the people, and not ashamed of his origin, contrives to remind his readers that he is a consummate artist, and that he has exercised no inconsiderable political influence.

The commencement of the story inflicts a certain shock on the prejudices which suggest the importance of a respectable parentage and a decent education. Béranger's father was a scampish adventurer of the class personified in Mr. Micawber. Sometimes a notary's clerk or a grocer's bookkeeper, he passes into Belgium to reappear in course of time as a notary at Durtal, or as steward of a Royalist gentleman in Brittany. After a short interval of prosperity as a pawnbroker or usurer at Paris, he died as keeper of a reading-room, to the relief of his son and partner, on whom he was principally dependent. Madame Béranger lived separate from her husband, in the exercise of that profession which, in the decent obscurity of modern French, may be called a *dame aux camélias*. Her maternal duties were confined to the occasional introduction of her son into the questionable society which she frequented:—"Souvent elle me conduisit aux théâtres de boulevard ou à quelques bals et à des parties de campagne. J'écoutais beaucoup, je parlais peu. J'apprenais bien des choses, mais je n'apprenais pas à lire." In those days at least, the career of a *Traviata* seems not always to have ended in a romantic euthanasia. The poet's mother died early, "the victim of her imprudence"—a phrase which, by a charitable interpretation, may be thought to signify that she drank herself to death.

The only son of this worthy couple, after being put out to nurse during his infancy, lived with his maternal grandfather to the age of nine. When the old tailor became too poor to maintain him, the child was thrown on the compassion of his father's sister, a good woman who kept a tavern at Peronne. From his aunt he learned to read by sight, though he could neither spell nor pronounce what he read. An old schoolmaster taught him the rudiments of arithmetic, and a priest vainly endeavoured to give him the few words of Latin necessary for attendance in the service of the mass. At a later period he attended a school, where it appears that the process of instruction consisted in mimicry of the fashions which prevailed among grown-up Frenchmen. The boys elected judges, and municipal officers, and chiefs of the armed force; and they had a club for speeches and patriotic songs, with Béranger himself as permanent president. On great occasions the young patriots forwarded addresses to Robespierre; and sometimes they had the pleasure of haranguing members of the Convention who passed through the town on missions. In the latter portion of his boyhood, Béranger was successively apprenticed to a watchmaker and to a printer. At the age of fifteen he was forced, as he says, to become a man on the occasion of his father's establishment as a money-lender in Paris.

It seems difficult to imagine an education more worthless and mischievous; and yet it may be doubted whether the wisest training would have been more successful. The wonderful faculty by which strong and original natures assimilate the nutriment suited to their peculiar organization was never more remarkably illustrated. The ordinary youth of Peronne probably grew up, like their contemporaries, idle brawlers during the Republic, passive instruments of the Empire, and in their later years parasites or conspirators under the constitutional Monarchy; but one among their number was unconsciously storing up materials for the use of a rare poetic power. It was necessary for the interpreter of the national feeling to be thoroughly imbued with the prejudices and passions of his countrymen. Balanced opinion and political toleration, little cultivated at any time in France, would have been utterly unsuited to his purpose. The shallowness in philosophy, the ignorance of history, the bigoted and exclusive nationality of the revolutionary epoch, were sources of strength to Béranger, because they were associated with glory, with indignation, triumph, and regret. From his education, and from the circumstances around him, he selected and retained what suited his wants. He instinctively studied the genius of his native language, which formed his only

avenue to knowledge. The declamations of the boyish club left behind them an invincible repugnance to public speaking; and, as he said long afterwards, "with me the public begins as soon as there are ten persons in a room." On the other hand, the custom of singing on all private and public occasions first revealed to him the bent of his own genius. His first productions were sung to some familiar air before he had ever thought of them as written compositions. Some time elapsed before he discovered the connexion between his songs and the objects of his literary ambition. The most musical of French poets used to regulate the length of his heroic couplets by two parallel pencil-lines drawn perpendicularly down the page. The patriotic enthusiasm which Béranger afterwards recorded and idealized was naturally suggested by the recollections of his boyhood. The inhabitants of Peronne had watched in anxious alarm for the appearance of the invading armies; and they had heard the cannon of the allies during the siege of Valenciennes. The young poet carried away with him a sufficient stock of images and impressions, and the habit of trying the musical capabilities of the language. The most systematic instruction in science and literature would have done for him little more; and it would probably have made his style less concentrated and less idiomatic.

When Béranger was fifteen, his father took him to Paris; and they commenced together a system of financial operations, common enough in all great cities, and especially favoured by the circumstances of the time. They lent money on terms which left a profit, although they had sometimes borrowed it at 36 per cent.; and the only surprising part of the transaction is that they should have been able to borrow it at all. The poet declares, not without complacency, that, notwithstanding his detestation of the trade, he displayed so much aptitude for business, as to excite the admiration of his father and their customers. The dullness of the occupation was relieved by occasional political intrigues. The elder Béranger affected an aristocratic descent, and professed the royalist faith. The adherents of the party naturally frequented a sympathetic money lender; and the young republican was sometimes compelled to provide funds for conspiracies, or rather for the wants of conspirators. The establishment, however, collapsed in 1798, and the elder partner was for a time imprisoned for debt. He survived several years, but he never again succeeded in extricating himself from a state of poverty. Béranger himself at last obtained a petty employment in the offices of the University; and Lucien Bonaparte, with a discernment and liberality which did him honour, settled upon him the allowance of a thousand francs a year, to which he was himself entitled as a Member of the Institute.

It was at this period of his life that he occupied the garret which he has immortalized as the scene of his youthful enjoyments. Rich or poor, all men can recall in memory or in fancy the spontaneous happiness of twenty. The cheap pleasures which Béranger celebrates were not incompatible with narrow circumstances. He was social and lively, expansive in his friendships and his love affairs, willing to give, ready to accept, and habitually frugal. His moral code, like his education, was of the laxer sort; but, like a true Epicurean, he was in all things moderate and prudent. After fitting himself out with an easy and ample suit of ethics, he had no desire for the further indulgence of throwing it off at intervals. Through life he seems to have fully discharged all the duties which he recognised. In the later years of his youth he was oppressed by melancholy feelings; but he eventually succeeded in keeping them down. "Pour tout bonheur," he says, with apparent earnestness, "j'ai souhaité le bonheur des autres, au moins autour de moi."

In the mean time his genius was feeling the way to its true mode of expression. Notwithstanding his want of scholastic teaching, like all great writers he was an insatiable reader. It is a proof of his sound natural taste that even through the medium of a French translation he was able to discern the greatness of Aristophanes. His own cognate power of combining poetry with politics developed itself by slow degrees. Before he contented himself with the production of songs, he tried almost every kind of poetical composition; but elegies, and odes, and comedies equally failed to approve themselves to his deliberate judgment. After all his experiments he came back to his old melodies and simple style; but he returned full of knowledge and of thought, an artist and an accomplished master of the language. His long and obscure apprenticeship fortunately coincided with the duration of the splendid despotism which, though destined to be his theme, would have summarily crushed the freedom of his utterance. He records with amusing complacency that the police were employed in tracing the authorship of the "Senator" and the "King of Yvetot," as soon as they were circulated in a manuscript form. Political satirists generally address their denunciations of tyranny to a tolerant government. Napoleon was safe from the fierce invectives which afterwards assailed his constitutional successors. It is difficult for an Englishman even to conjecture the official irritation which was produced by the "King of Yvetot;" but it was treason against the Emperor to describe a great potentate who went to bed early and got up late, and left his subjects and his neighbours at peace. The first volume of songs was published immediately after the second Restoration; and from that time Béranger was one of the most efficient assailants of the system which made his existence as a poet possible.

The character of his genius has been often discussed, and in noticing his life it may be shortly passed over. He was the

* *Ma Biographie*. Par P. J. de Béranger. Paris. 1858.

greatest political lyrists, perhaps the greatest song writer, of any age or country. Burns may have been equally gifted, but he was not identified with any enthusiastic national feeling, nor even with any domestic party. The poetical merits of these two great writers can never be accurately compared until some competent critic arises who knows both the French language and the Ayrshire dialect as familiarly as his mother tongue. They resemble each other in the oral and musical character of their compositions. Both Béranger and Burns made songs to be sung, and not odes to be declaimed. As a political satirist Béranger was easier and more varied than Giusti, and more profound than Heine. Above all, it was his good fortune to have a hero to immortalize, as well as a dynasty to pull down. A zealous Republican in theory and in effort, he really cared little for the freedom which he had never witnessed in France. The offerings which he prepared for liberty were always presented at the shrine of glory. As he himself says, he rejoiced when Napoleon overthrew the Directory, and deeply resented his final overthrow, because he was a patriot before he was a partisan. It suited his taste to share all the prejudices of the Parisian mob. Hating the English, in total ignorance of their character and history, he picked up the creed of the streets, that Blücher was disposed, in 1815, to join the French in an attack on his allies, in revenge for the boasts occasioned by Waterloo. That Wellington saved Paris from insult, and France from dismemberment, was a fact which could weigh little against the antipathy of the multitude and of their poet.

The first volume of songs made him famous, comparatively wealthy, and extraordinarily popular. From the commencement of the Restoration he was admitted to the councils of the Opposition, and it is doubtful whether their collective efforts in the tribune and in the press, injured the cause of the Bourbons as much as the poems of Béranger. In his successive publications he purposely courted prosecution, and on two occasions he was sentenced to a punishment which he had foreseen. His martyrdom was serviceable to the cause, and not excessively burdensome to himself. His admirers paid the fines, and his prison was, according to his own account, more comfortable than his lodgings. M. Dupin, as his advocate, delighted all Paris by publishing a report of the first trial containing all the seditious songs which had been suppressed in pursuance of the judgment of the court. After the second prosecution, even the royalist papers followed the precedent, and gave the poet's libels universal circulation. It might have been well to inquire whether similar license would have been tolerated under the Empire; but Louis XVIII. and Charles X. belonged to that class of tyrants which is constantly reminded of its crimes.

After the Revolution of 1830, Béranger declined the offer of an interview with the King; and soon afterwards he retired from his political and active career. At the same time he resolved to abstain from all further publication during his lifetime. Among his friends, he deprecated any premature attempt to overthrow the Constitutional Government of Louis-Philippe. His biographer calls attention to a prophecy, afterwards verified by the event, that a Republic would be established within twenty years; but Béranger had thought that the Republican feeling was spreading, and he anticipated the final triumph of a system which proved to be transitory and impracticable. In 1848 he was returned to the Constituent Assembly as one of the representatives of Paris; but he immediately resigned his seat. The feelings with which he contemplated the revival of the Empire are prudently passed over in silence. In the year 1856 he declined, with a proper sense of dignity, the pecuniary aid offered by the Empress; and it was not until his death, in the course of the last summer, that he was passively exposed to the patronage of the existing Government.

M. Perrotin, his publisher, executor, and friend tells the story with a quiet reserve, which is as effective as the severest irony. A few hours after Béranger's death the Minister of State gave notice that he would be honoured with a funeral at the charge of the State. M. Perrotin necessarily withdrew from the conduct of the ceremony, and merely forwarded to the Minister a clause in the will, which expressed a wish for a simple and private burial. Instantly the Government took advantage of the request—*s'arma du vœu du poète*; and the Prefect of Police published a notice, which contains in itself an instructive commentary on the Imperial system. The exordium is inimitable:—"La France vient de perdre son poète national. Le Gouvernement de l'Empereur a voulu que des honneurs publics fussent rendus à la mémoire de Béranger. Ce pieux hommage était dû au poète dont les chants, consacrés au culte de la patrie, ont aidé à perpétuer dans le cœur du peuple le souvenir des gloires Impériales." To this end the great ornament of the Liberal party had come at last. He was entitled to a public funeral because he had kept alive the memory of the Empire until its chains could once more be riveted on the neck of the people. The eulogy was the severest and justest of satires, but it was ill-timed, and more than ungenerous. The remainder of the proclamation contains a warning against tumult, and a citation of Béranger's last wish, which had been expressed for a different purpose. The next morning the official solicitude for the honour of the poet was displayed by a hurried funeral, while long lines of soldiers kept the assembled multitude from approaching the corpse. The Parisian fashion of rioting at funerals may require to be kept in check; but Béranger at least might have been spared the insult of interment under the orders of the police.

Nevertheless, the Prefect was in the right. The extravagant worship of Napoleon grew up after the termination of the Empire, through the influence of writers who either shared the enthusiasm which they propagated, or used it as a weapon against the reigning dynasty. The chief prophet of this mischievous and artificial faith was the greatest poet of his time and country. The people obeyed and realized the prediction that in another generation the cottage should know no other history than that of the Emperor and his glory. Freedom was to the peasant-audience a dull abstraction, as to the poet himself it had been but a theory or a phrase. Whatever might be Béranger's immediate purpose, he always recalled the hero of his noblest songs. The little three-cornered hat, *avec redingote grise*, was universally preferred to the statue of Liberty. The first practical commentary on Béranger's poetical propagandism was the Presidential election of 1848; four years later, the Imperial throne was founded on the credulity of the nation; and finally, the grave of the poet was profaned by the official boast that he had kept the memory of Bonapartism fresh in the hearts of the people. But the fame and popularity of Béranger will long outlive the results to which his mistaken enthusiasm contributed. The record of his life will not diminish the sympathy and admiration which are universally felt for his genius.

DRAYSON'S AFRICAN SPORTS.*

CAPTAIN DRAYSON'S book is, in many respects, a good specimen of a department of literature which was never more in favour than at present. The author is a sort of Ajax Oileus in relation to the Telamonian Gordon Cumming, and a mean proportional between Dr. Livingstone and the gentleman who publishes the *Journal of a Six Weeks' Tour in Switzerland*. He has been in a strange place, amongst strange people, and has hunted a great variety of strange beasts; but he has neither seen, done, nor suffered anything very remarkable. It is but justice to say that no man can know his place more thoroughly; and we are not sure that we do not like him the better for being not too great and good for human nature's daily food. When we come to the region of demigods, a sense of oppression and weakness takes the place of amusement. When we read how Mr. Cumming pulled the box-constrictor out of his hole by the tail, we are not surprised—we do not doubt it—it seems the natural and proper thing for him to do; but we feel like the little boys at a great school when they watch the captain and his compeers playing at cricket. It may be sport to them, but it would assuredly be death to us. On surveying our own arms and legs, and on calculating the force of our own hands, we find ourselves involuntarily quoting the *non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis* of our Latin grammar. What would such poor things as these avail us against eight or nine lions in that frame of mind which an eloquent person ascribed to "young vipers howling after their prey," or even in the presence of so common an incident in the lives of great sportsmen as an infuriated puff-adder, a mad buffalo, or a few hungry wolves in search of a breakfast? Any one may read Captain Drayson without suffering from this unpleasant sense of inferiority. He owns that he constantly missed—that he used to run away when standing still would have been all but certain death—in short, that he is a man and not a god, and that his body is flesh and not spirit. The only fault which we have to find with him is, that he has rather a tendency to moralize, and that his morality is of an obvious, not to say a trite, character. He seems to assume throughout that the practical alternative before military men at Natal is a life of sporting or a life of brandy-and-water; and his righteous contempt for those who embrace the latter branch of it is expressed much in the tone of a man who supposes himself to be the first discoverer of the fact that all toddy is but vanity, and that cigars once smoked can never return. There is, however, a cheerful, easy tone running through the book which makes it far pleasanter reading than such books usually are; and it contains a certain quantity of information which remains behind after the sauce in which it is dressed is eliminated from the system.

Captain Drayson's observations were confined to the Colony of Natal itself, in which he made a considerable number of sporting excursions, none of which appear to have exceeded the limits of very moderate journeys; but he contrived to see with his own eyes, and make his own observations on a variety of things well worth seeing and noting. His observations bore both upon the human and upon the animal population of the colony. Of the former there are, besides the English colonists, four very distinct races—the Bushmen, the Hottentots, the Kaffirs, and the Boers. The Bushmen are perhaps the lowest race of the human species. They are very little, very active, and beyond measure mischievous. They wander about the country on hardy little horses, and have strongholds in the rocks, from which it is almost impossible to dislodge them. Their chosen weapons are poisoned arrows, an arm which the Kaffirs despise. They carry a quiver full of them behind their backs, and five on each side of the head for immediate use, and they can hit a buck running at eighty yards distance. Their language is inconceivably strange, being studded with clicks which it is almost impossible to imitate, and Captain Drayson says that they themselves cannot pronounce them properly till they have lost most of their

* *Sporting Scenes amongst the Caffirs of South Africa.* By Captain A. W. Drayson, Royal Artillery. London: Routledge. 1858.

teeth. There is a deadly enmity between the Bushmen and the Kaffirs, who think it a matter of course to kill them whenever they get a chance of doing so. Captain Drayson met with two of them in one of his excursions, and his Kaffir attendant urged him to shoot them. Thinking that he might really be in some danger from their arrows, he frightened them away by firing a ball over their heads. "If they had been buck," said the Kaffir, reproachfully, "you would have hit them." Of the Hottentots Captain Drayson has little to say, except that they are very ugly.

The Kaffirs are a far finer and a very different race. They are very tall, averaging as much as six feet, and are very strong and active. Those who live on the Cape frontier are not only a dangerous, but in some respects a vicious, people; but the Natal Kaffirs are of much higher character. They are honest and truthful, and their intellectual powers are greater than those of most savages. They are capital speakers, and have, Captain Drayson observes, a certain lawyer-like shrewdness and a turn for driving bargains, which arises rather from love of argument than from avarice, for they are generous enough when their hospitality is appealed to. An amusing instance of this peculiarity occurred in the case of an old chief, who came to complain that a woman of his kraal had been wounded in the leg by one of Captain Drayson's men. The chief demanded a cow by way of damages, and after arguing the case for no less than three days, agreed to take two sticks of Cavendish tobacco. A wife is the highest coin in the Kaffir currency, which we are told runs thus:—six elephant teeth=one cow; six cows=one wife. How would Mr. Muntz and Sir A. Alison like an issue of this sort of coinage? It would be inconvenient enough in this country; but in Natal a good stock of marriageable daughters—who may be reared very cheaply—is an excellent capital, and brings in a large return of cattle. The Kaffirs were Captain Drayson's principal attendants in his hunting expeditions in the forests of Natal. Though the game is of course much thinned by the advance of civilization, there is still a good deal to be had if it is diligently and intelligently searched for. The bush, which offers so terrible an advantage to the Kaffirs in their wars with us, is also a good cover for various kinds of game, such as the reit-bok and the duiker-bok, together with occasional elephants. Bush-shooting, under the guidance of the Kaffirs, is very like red Indian woodcraft after the manner of Fenimore Cooper. The method taken is to follow elephant-paths, looking before every step at the ground where the foot is to be planted, to avoid dry leaves and sticks. The crack of a single stick, or the rustle of one set of leaves, will startle all the game within forty yards, and cause them to run off, whistling as they go, and spreading the alarm for a mile or more from the scene of the original blunder. Even when game has been killed, and the sportsmen are to sit down to rest, precautions must be taken. They must face each other, and not sit side by side, for by that means they would leave half of the neighbouring bush unwatched. Captain Drayson frequently met with elephants, and occasionally wounded them; but he does not speak of having at any time actually killed one. He does not add much to our previous acquaintance with the beast and its habits; but the following portrait of the animal is original, and shows how pleasantly he describes and how well he observes:—

The elephant always seemed to me a most grotesque animal; the old-fashioned appearance of the young ones, and the awkward gait of all, with that absurd look, as though their skins were second-hand and did not fit; the action of their hind-legs, like an old man's strut, with a pair of breeches on that are far too big, tend to make them look ridiculous; and yet, withal, they walk about as though they considered themselves the complete mould of fashion.

The other kind of sporting which Captain Drayson describes was directed against very different game, and was carried on with very different assistants. It consisted in hunting elands and hartebeests on horseback amongst the Dutch Boers. The Boers are almost the largest and most powerful race of men in the world. They are remarkably comfortable and well to do, and spend their time in mighty hunts and in the enjoyment of rough comfort and plenty. Their method of sport is simply to gallop after the eland till he is overtaken, and then to shoot him from the saddle. This is not a very easy accomplishment, loading at full gallop being an art in itself. It may, however, be accomplished by placing the butt between the left knee and the saddle; the left hand retains the reins and grasps the barrel about six inches from the muzzle, turning the ramrod inwards, and the right hand is thus at liberty for loading. The Boers told Captain Drayson that no sight could be finer or stranger than that of the vast herds of elands and hartebeests which annually traverse the great inland plains. The first ranks either eat or trample down all the food which the country produces, and numbers of those who are in the rear die of starvation.

The stories of sporting feats which Captain Drayson heard from the Boers are extremely good. We can only find room for one of them, and that in a condensed state. A young Dutchman went out to win the admiration of his sweetheart by fighting a leopard single-handed. After tracking the beast into a deep ravine, he wounded him with a rifle-shot, and had the rashness to follow him up. Advancing some distance he found his antagonist crouching and spitting "like a spiteful cat." On receiving a second shot, the brute flew on the man, seizing him by the left arm and shoulder. The hunter having his right arm at liberty, ripped up the beast's body with his hunting-knife, and then stabbed him to the heart behind the shoulder.

The leopard fell dead, and the hunter fainted. When he came to himself it was night, and he was in dreadful pain and thirst. The pain prevented his moving, though he heard a stream close by; and he lay half-stupid and fainting till morning. Once or twice he felt a slight pressure against his shoulder, but being sure that the leopard was dead, he did not trouble himself about the matter. In the morning, however, he found that a puff-adder had crept close up to him for the sake of the warmth, and he did not dare to make another attempt to rise, for fear he should fall back upon the reptile and be bitten. At length he heard voices calling him, but, for fear of the snake, he dared not answer; at last, however, the noise alarmed it, and the huntsman's brother and three Hottentots came and relieved him from his painful and dangerous situation.

Like other travellers, Captain Drayson has a chapter on snakes. He mentions one or two circumstances which, to us at least, are new. He says that in Natal the poisonous snakes may generally be known from others by the shape of the head. A broad blunt head, like the ace of clubs, means poison; a narrow one the reverse. He also says that the snakes at certain times appear to be troubled by an excessive secretion of poison, of which they seek to free themselves by biting whatever comes in their way. A man now in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich was the object of an unprovoked attack of this sort. A puff-adder flew at him. He drew down his wide-awake hat, and the snake fastened upon it; when he threw the hat off, and the snake was instantly shot. It is a satisfaction to read that the secretary bird is a great enemy of snakes. He catches them by the neck, and lets them drop from a height of 1000 feet or more on the hardest ground he can find. We are glad to hear that the lives of these allies of the human race are protected by a fine.

There is a ghost-story in the early part of Captain Drayson's book, which seems rather better authenticated than usual. It is of the common type—the wife, dying at Portsmouth, appearing to the husband off the Cape; but there was a memorandum made at the time in the log-book by the mate, which would have been curious if he had not torn out the page to keep it, increasing its value as a curiosity, but seriously diminishing its authenticity.

MEROPE.*

MR. ARNOLD has in many different ways invited the English public to return once more to the controversy between the classical and the romantic schools of poetry, and to reconsider the judgment which modern opinion has pronounced in favour of the latter. In the inaugural address which he recently delivered, on his appointment to the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, he stated the results at which he had himself arrived; and he has now brought them to a practical issue by the publication of a tragedy composed after the Greek model. What he asks for is, not the admiration which all educated men bestow on the Greek drama as a masterpiece of the genius of the ancient world, but a recognition that this drama, which we call ancient, is essentially modern. He contrasted, in his Oxford Address, the literature of the age of Pericles with the literature of the age of Elizabeth—thus selecting the age when classical poetry was most perfect in Greece, and the age when romantic poetry was greatest and most exuberant in England. Diverging from poetry to history, he compared Thucydides with Sir Walter Raleigh, and called on his hearers to decide whether the calm wisdom and the nervous conciseness of the former, or the childish credulity and rambling prolixity of the latter were more nearly akin to what satisfies us in the productions of the nineteenth century. It would be easy to show that the illustration was not a fair one; but it is unnecessary to enter on the point, because the question is not one of details, of the style of particular writers, but of the whole cast, aim, and range of two different modes of human thought. The salient feature of ancient thought is simplicity—the salient feature of modern thought is complexity. Classical poetry may, after its kind, be equally perfect with romantic, but it is certainly not equally plastic. It will not contain all that the modern world has to throw into the shape of poetry. Nor can it ever be popular in England. To relish it requires a special and most laborious cultivation, and to imitate it requires the abnegation of endless feelings which are most intimately a part of ourselves. *Merope* is a very skilful imitation, and abounds with touches of a refined and delicate taste. But the enjoyment it affords is almost exactly that afforded by a very good copy of Latin verses; and the readers who will care for the one will be almost as few as those who would care for the other. Nor is it possible for any literary adroitness to persuade us that a tragedy like *Merope* can express all the feelings of the modern world. We cannot be beguiled by the platitudes, however exquisite, in which the Chorus resigns itself to fate, into forgetting Christianity and the Hebrew poets. The Greek drama is dead; and so far as *Merope* is intended to give it a new life, we must think it a failure.

But if we may regard it as written with a somewhat different object, and for a rather narrower purpose, its value is great. *Merope* may be taken as a protest against the extremely subjective character of modern English poetry, and as also intended to recall to us the high degree in which simplicity and moderation contribute to the perfection of form. It is not without great reason that Mr. Arnold dwells on the importance of form—of the

* *Merope*: a Tragedy. By Matthew Arnold. London: Longmans. 1858.

extent to which we control, and the mode in which we express, our thoughts. It is the peculiar characteristic of the present day that there is nothing very great to be said. In theology, in morals, in politics, in art, there is no creation. This is not the fault of the men, but of the time. We may perceive the seeds of change, but the seeds are not ripe enough for us to prophesy what will be the fruit. Impatient observers demand that the world should go faster than it is meant to go. They call for clear, precise opinions—for the Gospel of a new era—for a re-constitution of European society. In proportion as men are more educated, they see that this cannot be—that the considerations which must be determined before change—and with change, creative power—can come, are too vast and various to be easily disposed of. This feeling of the difficulty of things—of the interpenetration of agencies—of the necessity of combining and arranging much which at first seems diverse and heterogeneous, is the most typical and the most valuable feeling of modern society. Physical science alone claims—and, within its own limits, legitimately claims—the possession of increasing certainty. But whether the processes and analogies of physical science can be transferred to the sphere of morals and to the life of man, is at present a question perfectly open. We must learn to wait; but undoubtedly this attitude of waiting, taken in conjunction with the influences of scientific study, exacts and inculcates mental habits of the greatest importance. Toleration, “the last best gift” to man in his relations to society, ought to be the natural fruit of a flux of opinion, which, if it makes us distrustful of our own judgments, tempts us to seek instruction in the opinions of others. Exactitude, stimulated by the necessary accuracy of scientific research, is a consolation for the imperfect issues of what we say ourselves, and a ready test by which we can judge of what is said to us. Perfection of form, at any rate in a limited degree, is not only within the compass of men who cannot create, but provides a check on distracted and wandering thoughts. It cannot be denied that a sympathy with the Greek drama helps us in each of these three directions. It brings home to us a new order of feelings and a new system of morality. It instils a love of precision and arrangement; and, above all, it guides us to a form which is not only excellent in itself, but is corrective of opposite excesses prevalent among modern writers.

That a subjective poet can use simple language is abundantly proved by Wordsworth, but it is undeniable that the most marked characteristic of the poets of the present day is the union of subjective feeling with a laboured and artificial style. This feeling chiefly expends itself, and this style is chiefly applied in the description of landscape. The innumerable fancies about the minutiae of scenery, and the gorgeousness and intricacy of the language in which these fancies are worked out and these minutiae noted up, belong almost exclusively to very recent writers. That nature will repay the most delicate observation, and that the language of these writers is often beautiful and appropriate, besides being very ingenious, is unquestionably true, but subjectivity and word-painting may be given us in excess. If so, what is the best antidote? Mr. Arnold replies, that the best antidote is the study of human nature and the use of language which is kept pure and chaste by its interest being always subordinated to the interest of action; and if this is what we want, we have it supplied by the Greek drama. We think Mr. Arnold has rendered a real service to contemporary English literature by insisting on this; nor could he have effected his object in a better way than that he has adopted. It is immaterial that *Merope* cannot be popular. It speaks to the few; but the few to whom it speaks are those who set the standard of form. It is a testimony to the unchangeable value of a particular class of subjects for poetical effect, and to a particular mode of handling those subjects; and the testimony is given very forcibly and very successfully. And it owes much of its success to the closeness with which the Greek model is copied. At first sight, the strophical choruses, the conversations in single lines, the invocations of the Sun, and other familiar parts of a Greek play may seem rather affected and pedantic in an English poem. But if any alteration had been made to suit modern tastes, the general effect of showing what a Greek play really was would not have been produced. As it is, we have the interest of a plot skilfully evolved and of language carefully harmonized, and this is what the author intended to give us. Persons who are not acquainted with the tragedies of Sophocles will not, probably, derive much benefit from it; and those who are may perhaps be inclined to regard it as a feat of ingenuity, like the imitation of Addison in *Esmond*. But it deserves to be regarded as something more, and to be used as an instrument, not of twisting our poems into a shape artificially classical, but of bringing the study of the Greek drama to bear on the general direction and complexion of modern poetry.

The subject of *Merope* has been repeatedly selected by modern writers. The story runs that Merope, widow of Cresphontes, sent her son Æpytus into concealment, in order to remove him from the power of Polyphontes, the murderer of Cresphontes, and his successor on the throne of Messenia. When grown up, Æpytus laid a plan to avenge the murder of his father. He came to Polyphontes, and claimed a reward as having slain Æpytus, the son of Merope. Polyphontes hospitably received him, and he retired to rest. While sleeping, he was seen by Merope, who determined to kill him as the murderer of her son. She is, however, prevented by an old man, who came to inform

her that Æpytus had disappeared from his protector's house, and who makes Merope recognise her son. Æpytus then takes advantage of a sacrificial ceremony to kill Polyphontes. Maffei, in 1713, worked this plot into a drama, which produced a very considerable sensation at the time, and subsequently induced Voltaire to attempt to rival it. Alfieri also wrote a play called *Merope*, and Mr. Arnold, in his preface, describes the various changes in the original story made by each dramatist. He himself has varied from his predecessors in one or two important particulars. They all made Æpytus unacquainted with his own origin, and Mr. Arnold restores the narrative on this point as given by the old tradition, and makes the introduction of Æpytus into the house of Polyphontes the work of design. They had made Æpytus and Merope silent after the recognition, which Mr. Arnold considers a waste of a good opportunity; and lastly, they made Polyphontes a detestable villain, so that, contrary to the received principles of tragedy, his death ended the play to the unmixed satisfaction of the audience. This error Mr. Arnold avoids by giving Polyphontes a mixed character, and dwelling on the consideration and respect with which he has always treated Merope.

A tragedy of this kind is to be judged of by its general effect, and not by detached parts. Still, *Merope* is so unlike what is usually presented to us by modern writers, that a specimen or two of what it is like may be acceptable. Classical readers will allow that the imitation is close. Sometimes, perhaps, it is too close, for the thoughts and language are both borrowed from well-known passages of Greek tragedies. But that is not the case with a chorus in which the story is told of Callisto, who, when changed into a bear, was nearly speared by her son Arcas. Part of this chorus runs as follows:—

Once, 'mid the gorges,
Spray-drizzled, lonely,
Unclimb'd by man—
O'er whose cliffs the townsmen
Of crag-perch'd Nonacris
Behold in summer
The slender torrent
Of Styx come dancing,
A wind-blown thread—
By the precipices of Khelmos,
The fleet, desperate hunter,
The youthful Arcas, born of Zeus,
His fleeing mother,
Transform'd Callisto,
Unwitting follow'd—
And raised his spear.
Turning, with piteous
Distressful longing,
Sad, eager eyes,
Mutely she regarded
Her well-known enemy.
Low moans half utter'd
What speech refus'd her;
Tears cours'd, tears human,
Down those disfigur'd
Once human cheeks.
With unutterable foreboding
Her son, heart-stricken, ey'd hor.
The Gods had pity, made them Stars.
Stars now they sparkle
In the northern Heaven;
The guard Æturus,
The guard-watch'd Bear.

The following is from a speech of Merope, when she is hesitating whether to revenge her son, whom she supposes dead:—

And even now, my son, ah me! my son,
Fain would I fade away, as I have liv'd,
Without a cry, a struggle, or a blow,
All vengeance unattempted, and descend
To the invisible plains, to roam with thee,
Fit denizen, the lampless under-world—
But with what eyes should I encounter there
My husband, wandering with his stern compeers,
Amphiaras, or Mycenæ's king,
Who led the Greeks to Ilium, Agamemnon,
Betray'd like him, but, not like him, aveng'd?
Or with what voice shall I the questions meet
Of my two elder sons, slain long ago.
Who sadly ask me, what, if not revenge,
Kept me, their mother, from their side so long?
Or how reply to thee, my child, last-born,
Last murder'd, who reproachfully wilt say—
Mother, I well believ'd thou liv'dst on
In the detested palace of thy foe,
With patience on thy face, death in thy heart,
Counting, till I grew up, the laggard years,
That our joint hands might then together pay
To one unhappy house the debt we owe.
My death makes my debt void, and doubles thine—
But down thou fliest here, and leav'st our scourge
Triumphant, and condemnest all our race
To lie in gloom for ever unappeas'd.
What shall I have to answer to such words?—
No, something must be dar'd; and, great as erst
Our dastard patience, be our daring now!

A PIOUS TALE.*

IT is well-known that the chosen remnant who sit under Lord Panmure are remarkable, among other eminent qualities, for an exquisite delicacy of discrimination. Theirs it is to discern the delicate moral boundary which distinguishes a tea-party from

* Almost; or, Crooked Ways. A Tale by Anna Lisle. London: Groombridge. 1857.

a dinner, and to understand why Shakspeare is innocent in a square-room, recited by a gentleman in black cloth, and profligate in a horse-shoe room, from the mouth of a gentleman in maroon velvet. This nice perception is also carried into literature. The naughty world reads novels—three-volume abominations, half-bound in roan; but the saint reads only tales, nice little books, elegantly got up in red cloth and one volume. Indeed, we are not sure that these privileged works are not exempted from the pitiless sweep of the fourth commandment, and allowed to take their place by the side of gossip and dozing as a legitimate Sabbath recreation. We, of course, are of the despised Pariahs called “the world,” and therefore naturally felt ambitious to enjoy for once the seraphic characters, and the gentle incidents, which can innocently thrill the pure hearts that would have been spotted by Marryat or James. We longed to share the holy musings of the saintly few who applaud a Shaftesbury and work slippers for a Close. So we betook ourselves to one of the most accredited publishers, and procured a little volume, orthodox in size, binding, and title, and written by a lady who has already edified the Evangelical world by her moral lucubrations. And having, with much pain and grief, mastered its contents, we will now try to introduce our readers to the subjects of thought which an Evangelical authoress thinks most suitable for the minds of English maidens.

A Lady Lismore renounces her son on account of a *mésalliance*, and drives him and his low-born wife to seek their fortunes in India—being cajoled into this severity by a lady named Bertha, who wished to have married that son herself. The unhappy couple both die in India. Their only child is sent home in an Indian man, which is wrecked on the shore of England, at the very spot where Bertha happens to be living. The child is saved, and is brought up to her cottage, whereupon she immediately conceives the idea of murdering it. For the child is heir of the Lismore estates; and if she murders it, it will be easy for her to pass off one of her own children in its place:—

Still did she gaze; and a fierce longing entered her soul—a longing which grew stronger—stronger—till it became a madness! Mark her! she draws the pillow from beneath the little head—she smiles! She advances! Already are the feeble hands raised to push from its face the weight that stops its breath!

However, her hand was stayed by a variety of interruptions, one of which consisted in one of her own children—she had but two—dying of the croup. The story then leaps over a few years, and introduces us to Floreen, the central character of the book. Floreen is the heiress of the Lismore estates, on the supposition generally entertained, that the child which was wrecked had died. She is a character which the authoress evidently drew for a Jesuit novel, and which she was obliged to turn to better account, because Jesuit horrors were so flat in the market. She is, therefore, made to do the part of the “shocking example” of infidelity. She begins by reading Rochefoucault, for which she is prosily lectured by Lady Lismore—naturally takes to Rousseau in consequence—and ends, as the book draws towards its catastrophe, by studying Voltaire. Her eyes are “glassy,” “gleaming,” “snakelike.” She has “snakelike” hissing in her brain, and gives vent, probably in consequence, to “low hissing laughs.” She is given to listening behind bushes to other people’s conversation—a peculiarity, indeed, which is shared by no less than four other characters in the book, and appears to form, in Miss Lisle’s opinion, a salient feature in English country life. She is incessantly weaving intricate webs of policy, which principally consist in trying to make other people marry those they don’t like, in order that she may keep the heir to herself; and she spends her life in practising all those simple-minded *ruses* by which we have so often seen the wily Jesuit ensnare the dovelike Protestant. The story turns on her efforts to retain the Lismore estates, of which she was for a long time thought to be the heiress, until one day Bertha appeared with a boy and a girl—the girl, Hilda, being her own child, but the boy, Hugh, being, according to her account, the child who was saved on the night of the wreck, and who is, therefore, Lady Lismore’s grandchild, and heir to the property. At this announcement, Floreen behaves as an individual with snakelike hissing in her brain might be expected to do:—

While thus they talked, none observed a pale statue-like figure, which had glided into the room, heard all, and then, with clenched hands, and wildly staring eyes, rushed forth into the cool night air, and fell recklessly upon the damp earth.

“Oh, God!—if there be a God—have mercy on me, and grant that this be not true! Oh! if there be a hell, can its torture equal this of mine?”

She resolves, however, to retrieve her position by marrying Hugh; but Hugh is perverse enough to fall in love with Hilda. Nothing daunted, Floreen betakes herself to her manoeuvres, which principally consist in bribing another man with the promise of her own hand to make love to a third man’s lady-love, so as to pique him, the third man, into courting Hilda, and detaching her from Hugh. Accordingly, the authoress drags her readers through a long tissue of coquettish intrigues, over which she gloats with a gusto and a familiarity, strange in one of those to whom “the world” is a subject of such avowed horror. There are no less than four couples, embracing nearly all the subsidiary characters of the book, who are incessantly engaged in flirting, coquetting, proposing to, and jilting each other. But Floreen’s intrigues are all in vain. Hugh will marry Hilda, and the wedding-day is fixed, when suddenly Bertha, as soon as she hears the news, goes into

a delirium with horror, tells Hugh that he is her son, and dies before she can say more. The natural conclusion to which Hugh and Hilda come is that they are really brother and sister, and were on the point of committing an incestuous marriage of a most frightful nature. And here comes Miss Lisle’s strongest moral point. Just as Floreen is a shocking example of the results of reading Rochefoucault in early youth, so Hilda is the pattern young lady who harangues the company by a page at a time on the doctrine of justification by faith alone; and she has now reached what the authoress looks upon as her culminating point of virtue. Long and wearily does Miss Lisle dwell on the beauty of Hilda’s patience in resigning herself to the impossibility of marrying her brother. Here, for instance, is the exordium of a sermon on the general unreality of female affection:—

And thus Hilda, who was considered by many weak and characterless, proved that she was neither the one nor the other. People like to talk about “irrevocable attachments”—“love-broken-hearts,” &c.; but I believe that, in the great majority of cases, these love-lorn young ladies and gentlemen are either very young or very silly, and that their “irrevocable” attachments are mere delusions, with which the heart has nothing whatever to do. He or she who cannot conquer a predilection, when it proves, from whatever cause, unreasonable or injurious, is but a weak, maudlin sentimentalist—not a hero or heroine of romance!

But, in spite of this eulogium of her heroism, and in spite of strenuous efforts, Hilda was not able to shake off the “unreasonable predilection,” or, as we of the world should call it, the incestuous attachment. Floreen’s manoeuvres succeeded so far, that Hilda was induced to engage herself to somebody else; but neither her impending marriage with him, nor the fact that the gratification of her real wishes would have been, to the minds of most people, too horrible to think of, had much effect on the feelings of this Christian heroine. Her “predilections” were still in a most unreasonable condition. Two days before her wedding she is represented as remonstrating with herself in the following resigned but not very hopeful spirit:—“Shall I weakly spend the remainder of my life in vain repining after what is impossible? . . . I will take the lot that has fallen to my share, and thank God that it is yet so full of blessings.” And then she steals her hand within that of her future husband, and “feels almost happy.” Fortunately, under these circumstances, a visitor from India makes his appearance in the very nick of time, and changes the face of affairs. It then comes out that Hugh, indeed, is the son of Bertha, as she declared on her deathbed, but that Hilda is the child who was saved from the wreck, and, consequently, Lady Lismore’s granddaughter. As soon as this discovery comes to light, Hilda, with the utmost promptitude, breaks off her marriage with her second lover, and at once re-engages herself to Hugh. But Floreen, the disciple of Voltaire, must of course come to a tragical end. Baulked again of her expectations of wealth, she becomes desperate, and resolves to poison Hilda; and for this purpose she steps out one evening and buys arsenic at the neighbouring village. Hugh, however, who hears that she is gone out, at once suspects arsenic as the most natural thing in the world, rushes to the village to verify his suspicions—climbs up the ivy to the window of Floreen’s room—watches her hide the arsenic, and then changes it for white sugar. Foiled in this endeavour, Floreen makes an attempt to throttle Hilda, which Hilda obviates by the simple expedient of screaming; and Floreen, detected in all her crimes, disembarasses herself of their results by going mad. We think this is a failure of poetical justice on the authoress’s part. The disciple of Voltaire ought certainly to have been hanged.

Now, as this little book was written for the edification of youth, and is read, we presume, in holy seclusion, where the wicked novel never penetrates, it may be instructive to review the subjects on which Miss Anna Lisle wishes the minds of Evangelical young ladies to dwell. To begin with the lowest grade of criminality—there are, first, four young gentlemen and three young ladies perpetually flirting in the most shameless way with people they do not intend to marry. Then there are two young ladies and two young gentlemen mutually detesting each other, and eventually engaging themselves to each other, in fraud, or pique, or despair. Then there are two women, young and well-born, who attempt the most treacherous and ruthless kinds of assassination. And lastly, there is the pure-minded young heroine, whose bitter grief, blended with patient resignation at not being able to form an incestuous connexion with her brother, is the main interest of this chaste and touching plot. Miss Anna Lisle is conversant with St. Paul, and doubtless recollects a crime which was “not so much as named among the Gentiles;” and yet the parties in that case were only stepmother and stepson. But that which was not so much as named among the Gentiles is thought, among some religionists of the nineteenth century, it appears, a fit subject for women to write on and women to read. To dwell on, and invest with a sentimental halo, a vain longing on a girl’s part after an incestuous connexion with her brother, as if it were a passion which is “unreasonable” indeed, but rather a subject for pity than for reproof, would doubtless conduce highly to the promotion of domestic purity, and will be a valuable addition to the day-dreams of young-lady readers. Fortunately, however, Miss Lisle’s style of composition—a sort of hybrid between the *Newgate Calendar* and one of Dr. Cumming’s sermons—is not one to attract any but very resolute students. It is a fortunate mental law that those who have the power to attract do not, as a rule, care to grub deep into the moral dunghill. It is only the feeblest and the silliest who try to compound for their own inai-

pidity by the natural horror of the incidents they select. But let not Miss Lisle be discouraged, or imagine that her resources are at an end. There are still regions of horror to be explored, on which she has not touched—there are yet plenty of strong-savoured incidents of crime wherewith to spice her pious tales. She should make herself acquainted with the works of Xavier de Montepin—though he indeed can scarcely be called more than a disciple in the school of which she is the leader—for, as Evangelicism is not very prevalent in France, the raciness of his subjects has been too much for the sensitive nerves of the French police. But in this freer atmosphere, and under the strong shield of a religious party, she may venture on lines of thought which no worldling would dare to touch.

LETTERS FROM CANNES AND NICE.*

WHEN we opened, for the first time, these rather "gushing" compositions, printed on the glossiest of paper and robed in the most elegant of bindings, we feared that we were about to deal with a very foolish book, which tried to atone by the graces of its attire for the scantiness of its information. We have been agreeably disappointed. Miss Brewster brings to her task no great knowledge of the subject on which she writes, and an amount of cultivation rather below than above what we expect to find in a well-educated Caledonian; but she has an affectionate disposition, a wish to learn, a lively fancy, and a keen enjoyment of nature. These are good qualities which cover a multitude of sins.

Furnished, if not in the body, at least in the spirit, with a pair of spectacles of genuine Scottish manufacture, our authoress left that country which enjoys the unspeakable felicity of being separated from Paradise only by the Tweed, and landed on the shores of the barbarians. She met with no adventure between Calais and the capital, unless indeed we reckon in this category the companionship of a gentleman "with raven tresses—eyes like pieces of jet—complexion of the palest olive colour—cloak thrown on with inimitable grace—very tall, very grand, very picturesque, very melancholy." The stranger turned out, however, to be neither a bandit nor a noble, but only a successful gold digger who had just returned from San Francisco.

Miss Brewster's proceedings in Paris were wonderful and characteristic. For a person who seems hardly to be happy unless she is, so to speak, "fingering" religious subjects, we should have thought that the city where the "Catholic reaction" of our days is putting forth all its strength, as well for good as for mischief, would have offered some curious subjects of contemplation. Miss Brewster directed her steps to none of the great Romanist institutions, but expended her energies in making the acquaintance of a German tailor, and accompanying this charming Great-heart to a meeting of Plymouth Brethren.

From Paris to Fontainebleau, from Fontainebleau to Tonnerre, and thence to Lyons and Avignon, our amiable traveller sped along, experiencing the common sensations of a first tour, and recording them all for a correspondent at home—alas! that we should have to add also, for our unworthy selves. Miss Brewster's talk about "interesting priests" and sisters of charity, who, however, do not get patted on the head so much as the Plymouth Brethren, is after all very harmless, and, if it were the outpouring of eighteen summers, would be really rather charming. But she announces herself on the title-page of this book as the authoress of four others, and one of them bears the title of *Work, or Plenty to Do, and How to Do it*. All this seems to indicate that we are dealing with the productions of a mind which can hardly be called immature. From Avignon Miss Brewster and her companions struck across to Aix, and thence by La Brignolle to Cannes. O all ye who fear the murderers of sleep, stop not at La Brignolle! We must allow Miss Brewster to describe, in her own way, the approach to the pleasant little city, where she was to pass the winter:—

Cannes, Nov. 4th, Hôtel de la Poste.—Here we are at last. Yesterday's journey from Fréjus was enchanting, up among the mountains of the Esterels, which are the last spurs of the Maritime Alps. Glorious views on every side, and the blue, blue Mediterranean, like a huge sleeping lake, the first sight of which gave another thrill. The mountains are really very grand; tier after tier, amphitheatre after amphitheatre of hills all around; some are green and round, like the Ochils—others conical, like the Eildons and Lomonds—others jagged, with fantastic shapes—others pointed and Alpine-like. Several hours before we came to it, we saw far beneath us the snowy-white houses of Cannes lying on the very brink of the beautiful sea. We had a good many miles of plain to traverse, and a river to cross, the Siagne, over which there is an iron suspension bridge. It was by moonlight that we at last arrived, and you cannot imagine anything so lovely as the reflection of the moon on the water, seen through the pale green foliage of the olive and cork trees, which abound here. It seems a lovely spot, and there are many pretty villas; but as yet I have seen little, being in bed with a headache. From my window, however, I can see much that is bright and beautiful—bright sunlight on a clear blue bay, a long line of Alpine hills of every imaginable shade of lilac, a boulevard of trees, a little pier and lighthouse, and a picturesque ruin-crowned hill. I know nothing of these yet, but soon they will be "familiar as household words." There is much in the prospect of a new home, though only a temporary one, to make one ponder thoughtfully, sadly, and somewhat fearfully—something like beginning to write on the first page of a blank journal.

A great many very readable chapters are devoted to Cannes. We are told of its wonderfully clear atmosphere—so clear that Lord Brougham was able to make experiments on light upon one hundred and eight days out of one hundred and eleven, while at

Brougham Hall he could only experiment on three days out of the same number. The prevalence of the mosquito nuisance is another fact which we remark. After the 10th of November, however, these demons disappear. The cheapness of house-rent is likewise noticeable. A chateau costs 2500 francs for the season. A villa at Pau would cost more than twice that sum. There are also some curious statistics about the cultivation of oranges, cassia, jasmine, roses, violets, and geraniums for the perfume manufactories of Grasse. Then we have a list of the principal English inhabitants, and some miscellaneous household information. This is all excellent, but we must put down on the other side of the account a good deal of sentimentality about Arabs. We hear of one who was the "*beau-ideal*" of a prince—tall and majestic, with an expression of the most imperturbable serenity." Thus, no doubt, a few months ago, Englishwomen were writing about Nana Sahib.

Cannes, it appears, rejoices in a Quakers' meeting. Of course Miss Brewster attended it. The lady who preached in an "unmusical species of chant," was "Mrs. Gurney, widow of Mr. Joseph John Gurney." Those who, like ourselves, have often deplored that greatest of all the calamities of France, the destruction of the Protestant party, will be glad to learn that there is some hope in this direction. "The French, who crowded into the room, were exceedingly impressed by the service"—as indeed they well might be. We are bound, however, to mention that Miss Brewster does not approve of sermons being delivered in public by the fairer part of the creation. As she did not speak *patois* nor apparently very much French, she found "missionary work" amongst the natives all but impracticable. Excursions to Grasse and Antibes pleasantly varied the weeks at Cannes, while a rainy day, or a *mistral*, or a slight fall of snow, were, if not agreeable interludes, at least not very terrible ones. At last the party went on to Nice, where Miss Brewster, who had been ill before, had a very serious relapse. We should fancy from the style in which she writes, that she is far too excitable a person to be able to stand the very peculiar climate of Nice. Her own words confirm this idea. "The air," she says, "is the most curious that ever anybody inhaled, and I should think unfavourable to keeping the peace. It is both exciting and depressing—instead of coming in refreshed and soothed, one has a longing to box the ears of one's friends, and to cry for an hour after doing it." We observe that the preface to this volume is dated at Torquay—a much more suitable place of residence, we imagine, for a person of the temperament which has produced this book. A few winters' residence there, or in sweet Boottian Bearn, would, we think, tone down Miss Brewster into a very sensible person. But Nice, with its "Episcopalian church, where Mr. Childers and Mr. Harris officiate—a Free Church, which this winter has had the services of the Rev. J. Smith, a most excellent man—a Vaudois Church, Italian and German Protestant services, besides a meeting of the Plymouth Brethren"—here was an atmosphere for a "good woman lacking discretion!" Of course she was ill. The remedy which she applied was an odd one. She was attended by "Mr. Stevenson, an English clergyman, author of those delightful books on the Psalms, which are known to every one." How we blush to acknowledge that we never heard of them!

In the milder climate of Cimiez, Miss Brewster might have recovered rapidly had it not been for a succession of visitors, some of whom "were more than merely pleasant." One of these "was Dr. M. O'S., well known as an Irish controversialist writer," who was, it appears, in the habit of reciting poetry. Can our readers imagine anything more ruinous to the nerves than the "rich Irish accent faltering, and the lips quivering, and the tears standing in the eyes?" An inspired Irish controversialist mouthing out *sintiment* to an invalid—the picture is too horrible.

The good Scotch constitution of our fair letter-writer triumphed in the end, and she was able to visit the Hepatica valley and Villa Franca, with much else. Having seen all they wished of Nice, she and her friends returned to Cannes. It is with a wicked satisfaction that we record that the custom-house officials on the Var, having lately been enraged by the tract-distributing improprieties of a fanatical Englishwoman, give the kindred souls which they now get into their clutches no little trouble, ransacking their luggage, and tossing about their books and papers. Arrived at Cannes, they saw the spring come on apace, and lingered till May was far advanced, making pleasant rambles and enjoying themselves in a very reasonable sort of way. Not the least interesting letter is the 20th, which describes a visit to the island of St. Honorat, which is very rich in antiquities. From Cannes Miss Brewster went to Marseilles, and travelled thence to Arles and Nîmes, *en route* for Paris and England.

Two papers in the Appendix are devoted, as is also some portion of the text, to the story of the "Man in the Iron Mask." The first is drawn up by Mr. W. Brougham, who thinks that of all the conjectures about that mysterious personage, the least improbable is that he was a brother, whether twin or otherwise, of Louis XIV. The other is merely an extract from Voltaire. The "Iron Mask," as our readers no doubt remember, was imprisoned in the neighbourhood of Cannes. Napoleon's landing on the Provençal coast also serves as material for a few pages, and Lord Brougham, M. P. Mérimée, the Duchess of Gordon, and M. Ruffini are also turned to account. The illustrations, of which there are ten, are very respectable.

Miss Brewster's object in publishing this work was, as she

* *Letters from Cannes and Nice*. By M. M. Brewster. Illustrated by a Lady. Edinburgh: Constable. London: Hamilton and Adams.

tells us, to provide a sort of guide-book to Cannes and its neighbourhood. She has not succeeded in this. The information is too much beat out, and there are fifty questions which every intelligent traveller wishes to ask about any place he comes to, as to which he will find no information in her pages. To those, however, who are not pained by the absurdities which we have noticed, this will be a sufficiently agreeable book. We are sure that the persons to whom the letters on which it is founded were originally addressed must have derived much pleasure from them; but the sort of writing which delights a friendly correspondent, whose soul is attuned to one's own, has far less charm for the ear of the hard and critical public. We have, as in duty bound, told Miss Brewster what ordinary mortals will think about her book. Yet we part from her with hearty goodwill. May she find acceptance with all the high-pressure religionists whose St. Elizabeth is the Duchess of Gordon; and may increased knowledge of the world send her back to those Scottish hills which she loves so well, more thoughtful, more educated, and rather less excited.

WALLS AND WALL-PAINTING AT OXFORD.

We have received a letter with reference to our article of last week on this subject. We are requested to state that Mr. Woodward's partners, Sir Thomas Deane and Mr. Deane, are entitled to participate with himself in the high praise which we awarded to the works at Oxford with which his name has been more especially associated.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.— IL TROVATORE, LA TRAVIATA, LUCIA, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO AND LA FAVORITA.

PICCOLOMINI, SPERIA, BELLETTI, GIUGLINI.
The order of performance will be as follows:—Tuesday, 5th January, IL TROVATORE; Wednesday, 6th, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO, and Last Act of LA FAVORITA; Thursday, 7th, LA TRAVIATA; Saturday, 9th, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.

Prices:—Pit stalls, 12s. 6d.; boxes (to hold four persons), pit and one pair, £2 2s.; grand tier, £3 3s.; two pair, £1 5s.; three pair, 15s.; gallery boxes, 10s.; gallery stalls, 3s. 6d.; gallery, 2s.; pit, 3s. 6d.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.— Under the Management of Mr. CHARLES KEAN.

On Monday, 4th January, Shakespeare's tragedy of HAMLET will be performed. Hamlet, by Mr. C. KEAN, being his first appearance in that character for two years. Tuesday, 5th, THE CORNICIAN BROTHERS. Wednesday, 6th (last time), RICHARD THE SECOND. Thursday, 7th (a Juvenile Night), the petite comedy, in two acts, of THE WONDERFUL WOMAN, with the PANTOMIME. The whole to conclude by Half-past Ten. Friday, 8th, HAMLET. Saturday, 9th, THE CORNICIAN BROTHERS. THE PANTOMIME every Evening.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—INSTITUTED 1823. OFFICE:—FLEET STREET, LONDON, (E.C.)

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March, 1857.

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A Prospectus, setting forth the table of reduced rates, and the special conditions referred to, may be had by application at the Office.

Entrance to the office, 2, Broad Sanctuary, close to the west door of Westminster Abbey.

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PRIVATE TUITION.—SUSSEX.—The Rev. G. C. IRVING, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge (Eighth Wrangler, 1850), Assistant Curate of Newick, receives into his House a few PUPILS preparing for either of the Universities, or for any of the Public Examinations, and will have Vacancies after Christmas. Newick is situated in a healthy part of Sussex, within a few miles of the Haywards' Heath and Lewes Stations of the Brighton Railway. Mr. IRVING was for five years Resident Mathematical Professor at Trinity College, Toronto, and will forward testimonials and references. Terms, 150 Guineas per Annum. Address, Newick, Uckfield.

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Leamington, 1st January, 1858.

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ARCHITECTURAL ENGRAVINGS.—The BUILDING NEWS of Friday, January 1st, contains Three finely executed Page Engravings, drawn by Allom, Macquod, and Metcalfe, and engraved by Orlando Jeritt, viz.—A Fine Perspective View of Dorchester House, Park-lane, Mr. Lewis Vulliamy, architect. A Beautiful Engraving of the Altar and Reredos in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, at Liverpool; Mr. S. J. Nicholl, architect.—A Fine Perspective View of Highclere Castle, Hampshire; Sir Charles Barry, architect. The following Articles will also be found in the columns of the "Building News":—"Architectural Progress in 1857"—Oxford and Wall Painting—Competition and Agitation—Building Strikes—Gothic Architecture in the Provinces—The Builders' Ball—Form and Colour in Architecture—The Builders' Almshouses—Our Survey—Building Progress—The Bayswater Estate—Our Irish Notes—Mr. James' Music Hall—Mr. J. Ferguson's Lecture on a National Collection of Architectural Art—Blackheath—Clips of Criticism—A Paper on Squaring Dimensions—Fine Arts, City Exhibition—Department of Science and Art, a Failure—The Competition Code and its Critics. Provincial News—Letters to the Editor—Complete Lists of Building Contracts open in the Kingdom, Tenders sent in, and Competitions open and awarded—and all the News of the Day of interest to the Architect, Builder, or Engineer. The "Building News" is published early every Friday Morning, at 20, Old Bow-lane, St. Martin's, Strand, W.C., and may be obtained through any Bookseller or Newsvender. Price Fourpence, or Stamped, Fivepence. A single copy forwarded on the receipt of five postage stamps, addressed to the Publisher as above.

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